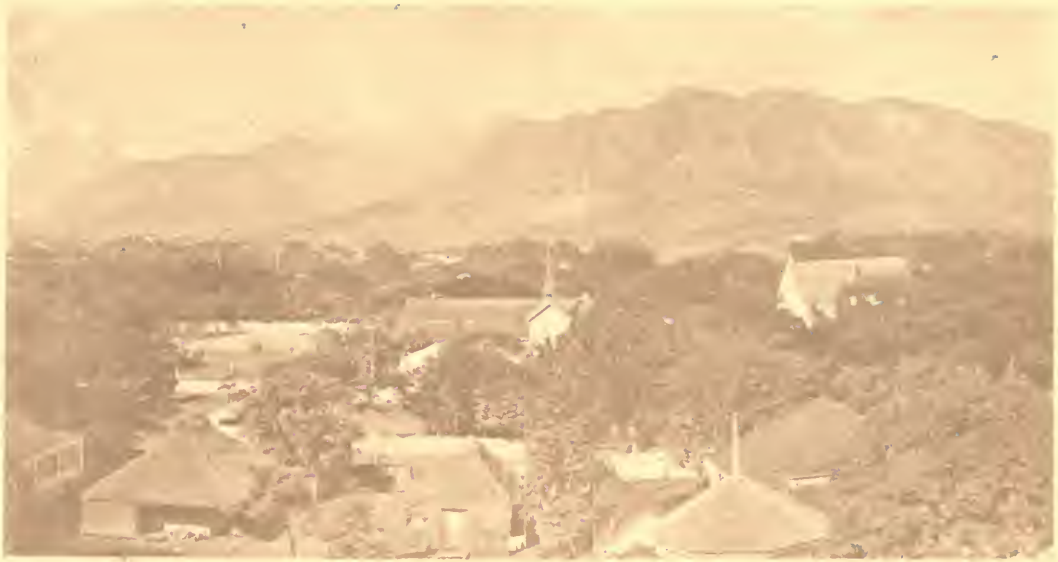
Mr. Andrew D. Fearing, Jr.

with the compliments of

the Author

May 1873.



FROM MY VERANDA IN HONOLULU, LOOKING NORTH

PARADISE IN THE PACIFIC;

A Book of

TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, AND FACTS

IN

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

By WILLIAM R. BLISS.

"Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
For here are the blissful downs and dales,
And merrily, merrily carol the gales,
And the spangle dances in bight and bay,
And the rainbow forms and flies on the land,
Over the islands free.
Oh! hither, come hither and furl your sails,
And sweet shall your welcome be."

TENNYSON.

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THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

I SAILED to the tropics to escape from a Northern winter, not knowing in what port I should finally anchor. I moored at Honolulu, in the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands; and this book is a result of my sojourn there.

The book is small; but so is the country and so are the people of which it treats, while it is really larger than the importance of that country to any possible future of commerce or civilization. The Hawaiian Islands have occasionally attracted the attention of the American people on account of a political value which they are supposed to possess by their position. They have had the reputation of lying directly in the path of every thing that sails on the Pacific

Ocean. This reputation they have not deserved; for they actually lie remote from the track of all commercial ships, except those carrying coals from Australia to California; and these rarely pass within sight of the group.

Their geographical relation to the line of commerce between our Pacific coast and Asia is analogous to the relation of the Bermuda Islands to the commerce between England and New York, — merely a possible place of refuge. They are a long distance south of the great circle courses steered by steamers between San Francisco and Japan, and by ships sailing east from China to our Western coast.

But they offer a delightful exile and a peaceful life to Hawaiianized Americans, whether invalidated in health, purse, or otherwise. Here I found the true Castle of Indolence, —

> "Where labor only was to pass the time;
> And labor sore it was, and weary woe."

Here men and women are unadorned, skies and seas are charming, the daily newspaper is unknown, and it is folly to be wise. And I ven-

ture to think that my book, small as it is, contains all that the reader can desire to know of the people and things in that curious pin-head kingdom of the Pacific, and in its very pleasant capital city of Honolulu.

As a record of TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, AND FACTS IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, I hope the book may be useful to those who journey thither, as well as interesting to that larger number of travelers who must always remain at home, and look at foreign scenes through another's eyes.

PARADISE IN THE PACIFIC.

CRUISING IN THE TROPICS.

THIS is the Caribbean Sea. Our ship, urged by the north-east trade-wind, is hurrying rapidly to the south.

It is difficult to describe the softness of the air, or the beauty of the scenery, surrounding me this brilliant November noon. Rising and falling on the billows of this blue sea float small meadows of the golden-colored Sargasso grass. The blue waves, the golden grass, the white crests broken by the trade-wind, all glittering in the sunlight, are so captivating to my eye, that, although

I detest the treacherous sea, I cannot help uttering Coleridge's invocation, —

"God be with thee, gladsome ocean!"

Heaped on a line above the horizon lie fleecy banks of white clouds, folding themselves into quaint shapes, then dissolving into other clouds of grayer hue, from which, at intervals, I can see thin blue streams of rain descending upon spots below the verge. Overhead the sky is cloudless. In the far distance before us loom the mountain-lands of Jamaica. As evening comes on, the smooth sea, the soft air, the fair wind, and a bright moon, keep us late on deck. Music and song add a tone of enchantment to the scene; and our voyage to the tropics seems to have become a pleasure-cruise.

All night we lay off and on the island. Early the next morning, a pilot as black as an ink-bottle came on board, and steered us into Kingston harbor.

A thin mist hangs low over the plain on which the town stands. As the sun rises, the mist steals away to the mountains. There is not a breath in the air, nor a ripple on the water; our flags hang listless at the mast-head; the city is silent; the quiet power of the tropical heat has suppressed all life, except that of the ugly pelicans swooping over the sea in search of a breakfast, as the buzzards are swooping over the land.

By ten o'clock the trade-wind struck the island, and the aspect of every thing was immediately changed. The flags stream out their colors furiously, the town is in a bustle, market-boats swarm at the wharves, donkey-carts loaded with oranges block the streets, and a crowd of jabbering and gesticulating negroes scrambles to our decks, and proposes to take charge of our affairs.

It resembles other tropical towns in the West Indies, with its low, brick houses,

peaked roofs, verandas faced with blinds, and irregular streets. In the suburbs are hard white roads, lined with cactus-hedges, shaded lanes, gardens, and lawns nicely kept. These appearances of refinement and comfort show the predominating influence of the English people, who rule the island of Jamaica.

At noon the thermometer, hanging in a veranda, marked ninety degrees of heat; yet the sea-breeze was so fresh, that this heat was not oppressive, except under a lee. High upon the mountains, the trade-wind clouds were gathering for the daily shower which refreshes those altitudes, but rarely visits the plain below. On the sides of the mountains are small settlements, the resorts of invalids; and there, in sight of the town and the sea, the white troops of the garrison are barracked, while the black troops air their feathers in the hot sun of the plain.

We sailed away at sunset for Colon, five hundred and fifty miles south by west from Kingston; running the distance rapidly before the steady trade-wind.

At Colon there is nothing to attract attention, except the bronze statue of Columbus, which testifies his right to the name of the port. As I am eager to escape from its mouldy houses, flat lands, and malarious marshes, I think nothing of the sultry heat at eight o'clock in the morning, when I take the railroad-train for Panama, to cross, in three hours, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; thus doubling Cape Horn, and making the Arctic passage at the same time.

An impenetrable jungle hedges each side of the railway: in its edge, pine-apples, bananas, plantains, alligator pears, and enormous lemons are growing. Flowering vines, which appear to be a species of the morning-glory-vine, cover the

larger trees. There is the marvel of Peru, with stems as large as my wrist, its tendrils hanging in festoons from the lofty cottonwood trees that rise above the level of the forest, bearing bell-shaped flowers in various colors. The ipomea, gay with flowers of solferino, creeps over the edges of the thicket. The blossoms of the acacia-tree, and the bright red and salmon flowers of the ricinus, or castor-oil-bean, make lines of colors on my eye as the train rushes past them.

Between the rails, and on the clearing at either side of the track, grows the sensitive-plant, covering the ground as densely as the early English primrose, and bearing a pink blossom, which, in size and shape, but more feathery, resembles the primrose flower. It was a new sensation that I experienced in walking through long fields of it, pausing to watch the sensitive leaves shrink away upon their stems at the

approach of my foot, leaving my steps as plainly marked upon the foliage-bed as if they had been impressed upon the wet sand of the seashore. Along the road are several watering-stations for the trains. Here are clusters of bamboo huts, thatched with palm-leaves, in which live the yellow natives of the land, filthy and indolent. Their household gods consist of naked babies, pigs, puppies, and game-cocks, lying in common fraternity about the doors. They have little use for dry-goods. Their clothing, what there is of it, is mostly "honored in the breach." But, when passenger-trains pass, the women have been taught to appear in their best attire, which, if they have one, consists of a trailing muslin gown, and nothing more, either above, below, or beneath.

One yellow belle who came down from the bamboos to see us was more aristocratic than her kindred; for, in addition to

her white wrapper, she sheltered her complexion under a brown silk umbrella, in which her pride as well as her purse was invested. Near these clusters of huts rise the neat white houses of the station-masters, two stories high, with broad verandas, and lattices of vines. Here, with his heels on a rail, sits, smoking a cigar, the Yankee lord and master of the settlement. The yard of the house, enclosed by a white picket-fence, is shaded by cocoanut-palms, oleanders, altheas, and other flower-bearing trees. These civilized spots, blooming out at intervals along the road, make a wonderful contrast to the huddle of dirty huts lying on their outskirts.

The railroad frequently touches and turns away from the Chagres River, and finally crosses it by a long iron bridge. There is no life on this muddy stream, once swarming with adventurers seeking

fortunes on the Pacific coast. A bunch of curlew was skimming over it, and white cranes stood dozing on its sandy shore, as we passed by. Soon after crossing the river, the road reaches its summit grade, not high enough to open any distant landscapes, and then descends rapidly towards the Pacific, winding between the highlands that form the backbone of the isthmus, and running out upon the beach of Panama before we are aware of the proximity of the sea.

I find little in the city of Panama to interest a stranger. It is a warm, mouldy town, on a rocky peninsula, built of stone two hundred years ago. Vegetation has long since taken root on the crumbling walls erected for its protection against buccaneers, and on the decayed churches and convents which once attested the piety of its Spanish founders. Its natives are a mongrel race, whose yellow skin and coarse

black hair tell that Indian blood predominates in them. They speak a language as mixed as their blood, but showing a Spanish origin. The city has some trade because it is a free port. Linens, umbrellas, cigars, French wines, and muslins are sold cheap. Most of the shops are kept by the family of Isaacs and Nathans; and their thrift gives some life to the streets.

As the city has no harbor, all vessels lie remote in the bay, in which the ordinary tides rise and fall eighteen feet, and the spring tides twenty-two feet. When the tide ebbs, it uncovers coral reefs and sandy flats in front of the walls, setting the town inland; then lazy natives may be seen scratching the sands in search of coins and trinkets believed to have been lost in the early days, when there were more jewels and gold in Panama than now. The natives are adapted to this business; for scratching becomes a natural propensity in

these old and unwashed countries, where fleas abound.

On this shore Europeans first saw the Pacific Ocean. That was in 1513, when the young Spaniard, Balboa, with his companions, came up the Chagres River from the Atlantic coast, and marched westward in search of new dominions for the King of Spain. The story says, that, after toiling for many days through the forest, his Indian guide assured Balboa, that from the top of the next hill he would see an ocean. Leaving his companions, he went up alone, with the devoutness of a priest and the enthusiasm of a warrior, and beheld the South Sea stretching in endless prospect before him. When he reached its shore, he marched into the water with his armor on, declaring that he took possession of this ocean in the name of the King of Spain, whose right to it he would defend against all enemies.

His followers founded the city of Panama; not the present city, but another of the same name, whose ruins are on the shore three miles below. This city grew rich by traffic in slaves, and gold and silver from the South; becoming one of the most opulent cities of Spanish America. It had existed one hundred and fifty-two years, when Henry Morgan, the English freebooter from Jamaica, having heard of its wealth, crossed the isthmus with twelve hundred men for the purpose of plundering it.

At that time the old city contained seven thousand houses built of native woods, of which two thousand were elegantly furnished: their walls were adorned with paintings; their balconies and verandas with costly draperies. The city, being the see of a bishop, and capital of the Spanish province, was the residence of a multitude of ecclesiastical and military officers. Above its wall arose the towers of eight

monasteries and two cathedrals, whose altars were adorned with gold and silver. There were luxurious stables for the animals that transported the king's treasure across the isthmus to Portobello by a paved road, of which remains are yet visible. Its merchants had a trade with Quito and Peru, and gave employment to many artisans and mechanics. Fortifications protected the land sides of the city, and the ebb-tide left it beyond the reach of attack from the sea. Plantations and gardens surrounded it. Here Pizarro built his ships, and recruited his army, for the conquest of Peru; and many of its citizens were the descendants of those men who had explored the Pacific Ocean, conquered Mexico, and added the Indian empires of South America to the dominion of Spain.

In January, 1671, Morgan's army, after a march of nine days from Chagres, emerged from the forest, and saw below them the

sea, and the steeples and gardens of Panama. This panorama of mountain, forest, city, and sea, surprised them, as it surprises a stranger now, to whom it unfolds many of the same enchantments it possessed two hundred years ago. It is said when Morgan's men first saw it, they were so captivated by the scene that they hesitated to pitch their camp and prepare for an attack on the city. When the attack was made, six thousand Spaniards were slain: the city was plundered and burned. Those who escaped from the buccaneers founded the present city of Panama, two years afterward, and built all the houses of stone to prevent another destruction by fire. The ruins of the old city still exist. From our anchorage in the bay, I can see the square tower of one of its cathedrals, standing alone; and, going down to its site in a boat, I saw the remains of walls, bridges, pavements, and cisterns, now overgrown by

pepper-bushes and flowering vines, and haunted by noxious insects and reptiles; — ruins which symbolize the complete decay of that commercial and political power of Spain which formerly ruled upon this coast.

We tripped our anchors, and sailed from Panama for San Francisco, searching for a paradise in the Pacific.

AN OUTPOST OF PARADISE.

MY paradise is in Honolulu; and San Francisco is its nearest outpost. Here travelers assemble and put the world behind them when they embark for that city in the sea, which is two thousand one hundred and twenty-five miles south-west from the Golden Gate. Hither come Honolulu sugar, wool, and bananas for a market; here is a Honolulu consul, and people who have visited Honolulu, returned alive, and are now doing business in Honolulu accounts. But neither steamers nor ships, barks, brigs, nor schooners, sail every day for that paradise. Even the mail-steamer runs thither only once a month.

She had just gone when I landed. I

went to the Occidental Hotel to wait for her to come back; studying conundrums in the city newspapers, and watching the December rains.

How it rained! If passing time may be estimated by falling water, it rained forty days and forty nights in three weeks. The gushing manner of the rain appears on the steep slopes of the hills, whose streets are canals, conveying the fertilizing showers in angry torrents upon the lower city, choking the drains, bursting the pavement into hummocks, washing the feet of the poor, and delighting the heart of the rich. Twenty inches of rain, or rain-water twenty inches deep! It creams and mantles in these lower streets; it rises slowly above the curbstones; it flows over the door-sills; it pours into the cellars. From this cellar it is pumped into the neighbor's; the neighbor pumps it into the next cellar beyond; and thus the blessed rain-

water is freely passed along, until the man in the last cellar pumps it into the bay, where it washes the blue out of the briny deep.

The rain is the angel which "develops the resources;" and, when I desire to compliment my friends, I find that the proper thing to say is, "I hope it will rain immediately!" While it rained, I saw the pioneers, the veteran leaders of society. Society is mixed, like the leads of the Comstock ledge, on which much of it is founded, making a comstockracy, rather than an aristocracy, — born with silver in the veins. Under its upper crust there is a good deal of pure ore to be found, and some rich sulphurets.

These pioneers are not pioneers of the Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett style, hunting in buckskin suits and long rifles. They are merely the oldest inhabitants, who, having become tired of the trammels

of civilization at the east, came here at the beginning of all things, saw every thing started, and foresaw all that has occurred. The eulogies which I read in the journals, while waiting for that steamer to come back from Honolulu, show how brightly shines the glory of the press when a pioneer dies. For example : —

EULOGY. — He landed upon these shores in 1849, when Frisco was an infant, and breathed his last breath at fifteen minutes past seven, A.M., yesterday.

In all his habits he was temperate; in all his manifold relations he was scrupulously upright.

The hungry never went away from his door; nor did he ever look upon the naked without pity.

With abilities for, and opportunities to, amass great wealth, he would have become one of the money-kings of the Pacific slope, had fortune favored the brave.

His good works are his most enduring monuments; for which those who find them, of whatever name or nation, will rise up and call him blessed.

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

The residents of this city tell me that they wear the same clothing all the year round. Wealth and the weather have something to do with the longevity of garments; and this is, perhaps, the reason that San Francisco is not a well-dressed city. But the people have a positiveness of character pleasant to meet. They do not waste eloquent words on General Washington, nor on those pilgrim fathers who flourished long ago in the Orient. Their chronology of the world begins in "'49 or '50;" and the belief is, that on this remote shore, where the setting sun sinks into the Pacific Ocean, the star of empire is to indicate a new Bethlehem of civilization. So may it be!

For Honolulu Direct.

AT last the steamer came back from Honolulu, was turned around, and advertised to go to sea again. I know that going to sea is a serious business. All the romance of it is in books. It is well to talk about the beautiful sea, the majestic sea, and other styles of adorable sea, when looking at it in safety from the piazzas and bluffs of the land; but, whenever I go down to the sea in a ship, I have a different opinion of it altogether. The visible and theoretical elements of its beauty vanish in the first "deep and dark-blue ocean-roll." There is much going down then, — a terrible sinking sensation that is far from poetical.

And yet no traveler can appreciate the richness of that description foretelling a time when "there shall be no more sea," until he has sailed over it, and experienced those agonizing moments, when, casting his bread upon the waters, he declares that it is better for him to die than to go to sea any more.

The passage from San Francisco to Honolulu is tedious and melancholy. It is over a boisterous, sailless ocean, on which rains prevail about half the year. And this United-States mail-steamer, which carries me, is paddled on the extremest principles of economy, — economy in every thing except time. Eleven or twelve days to steam over the twenty-one hundred miles! — a salt water eternity, making the invalid passenger as uncomfortable as the three wise men of Gotham probably were when they went to sea in a bowl.

It was on a cloudy ninth-of-January

morning, 1872, that we sailed. As we left the Faralleone Islands astern, we encountered the usual southerly gale and heavy sea, which made three days of misery for all on board. Passengers climbed on to their narrow shelves, expressing regrets that they had left the shore, and fears that the old steamer might never reach the land. Above the incessant creaking and cracking of the cabins arose a chorus for the stewards, as if they were the divinities of our salvation. This was occasionally broken by an ominous silence, when we all felt that alarming tremor of the ship, as she jumped down into the sea to be tossed back again by the gale.

If there was any repose of body, or peace of mind, or comfort of soul, to be had under such circumstances, then going to sea is a pleasure indeed.

After a gale we can quickly forget what has made us uncomfortable. But we

found more discomfort in the long, heavy swells, and in the drizzling rains following the gale, when dampness filled our cabins so completely, that "a wet sheet and a flowing sea" were facts, not merely words set to music.

On the sixth day out our captain caught the sun, and found that we were in latitude 30°, 10′ north, longitude 139°, 40′ west, — a thousand miles from San Francisco. The temperature of the air was sixty-five degrees.

This mild air calls the passengers on deck, where, arm in arm, they reel fore and aft in what they suppose to be healthful promenades. She who has the captain's arm is the favored lady of our party. Among the passengers are some of those semi-English people inhabiting New Zealand and Australia, going home. I have discovered their peculiarity. It is a desire to close all the cabin ventilators at night.

Their idea of a night's sleep seems to be a condition of warm stew. The ideas of my associates being altogether different, it devolves upon me to turn out of my berth nightly, before asphyxia ensues, and open the ventilators as often as the colonists succeed in closing them.

All the passengers who are bound to Honolulu, except myself, have been there before, and know where they are going. Here is the consul, going to see what has become of the kingdom. Here is a lady with her children, from California, going as an invalid to spend a second winter in Honolulu. Here is the son of a missionary, now a lordly sugar-planter on the Island of Maui. Here is a Honolulu merchant returning, full of news, from a recreation voyage to the coast. And there are some who are going to condole with friends in their lifelong imprisonment on the islands of paradise.

Thus I find myself in a pleasant Honolulu community, whose members enliven these eleven days of slow sailing by captivating stories of that paradise in the Pacific, to which I am going.

First Impressions.

EARLY on the morning of the eleventh day from San Francisco, we saw land. It was the Island of Maui, fifty miles south of us, distinguishable by its volcanic mountain Haleakala, rising to ten thousand two hundred feet above the sea. Later in the morning we saw the Island of Molokai, west of Maui, then the Island of Oahu, on whose southern side is Honolulu.

By noon this island was under our lee, when we ran along its eastern shore near enough to discover a wild and grotesque landscape. From coral and volcanic crags, as white as cream,

into which the sea had drilled great fissures, hills, colored and ridged by volcanic scars, sloped up into peaks above the clouds. Between the sharp folds of these hills, green valleys came down, opening upon the ocean, where smooth beaches broke the surf. Turning the south-eastern point of the island, and steering westward, we discovered groves of cocoanut-palms, fringing a white shore, and deeper and greener valleys; then a long coral reef, breaking the swell of the ocean; behind it a quiet harbor with ships; beyond that a broad plain backed by mountains, and covered by trees, above whose green foliage arise the flagstaffs and spires of Honolulu.

As we sailed into the quiet harbor, we discovered a throng of people on the wharf. They had heard that a steamer is signaled, and had jumped up from lounges, easy-chairs, dinner-tables, and desks, and

hurried down to welcome us. There they patiently stood, male and female, white and yellow, on foot and on horseback, full of curiosity, waiting for us to land.

It was Saturday afternoon. Going ashore, I followed a hand-cart to my first lodgings in the Sandwich Islands.

The next morning came with all the beauty of a summer day. Church-bells of Protestants and Papists ushered in the sabbath. We thought we had reached a delightful haven, until Monday morning brought an unexpected change: then the wind blew in hurricanes from the south, the rain fell in torrents, the limbs of the algarobas cracked, the thermometer sank from eighty to sixty degrees, and the ocean broke upon the harbor reef with groans that rose above the roar of the wind, making a dismal welcome to the kingdom.

But such storms are exceptional here; and I forget them while the sun shines as it

does now, day after day, and the air is balmy as when

> "North-east winds blow
> Sabean odors from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the blest."

I am housed in an upper corner of the government hotel. The doors of my room open upon spacious verandas above the tree-tops. I can look north upon valleys and mountains, and east upon the sea, where the line of the shore is marked by cocoanut-palms and by the bold promontory called Diamond Head. At noon the thermometer marks eighty degrees in the veranda. Here I lounge, while a breeze comes down the valley-gorges, and blows upon me, then runs out over the surf, and wrinkles the sea for miles away. I watch the trade-wind clouds playing with shadows on the hills all day; now dashing down sudden showers on the green slopes, then filling the valleys with rainbows. Over all

is a blue summer sky. And this is the month of January, in which I am picking strawberries and roses, in defiance of all the established facts of an orthodox life.

The streets of the city are hard with coral and lava, and are shaded by trees transplanted from various parts of the tropical world. There are pines from Norfolk Island; the papaia, kamani, and bread-fruit trees from Tahiti; the tamarind, mango, and monkey-pod from India; the algaroba from Mexico; the rubber-tree from South America; the china-rose-tree, whose crimson flowers are in bloom all the year round. There are peach-trees rosy with blossoms on one side, and ripening fruit on the other; the oleander, banana, guava, orange, citron; the koa, as hard as mahogany, on which leaves of different form and species grow out of the same stem, and out of each other.

Under the shade of this evergreen foli-

age are pleasant cottages, built of coral blocks, or of wood, surrounded by verandas and flowering vines. The doors are always open; the welcome is always hearty. Water from mountain springs flows through the cottages, stopping in baths, escaping in fountains, fertilizing the grass and flowers everywhere. Ice is made to order, and wines are offered from all the vineyards of the world.

The great event is the arrival of the monthly mail from the continent. Then there is a bubbling on the surface of the town, and a swarming about the handsome post-office building. Merchants put on airs of importance as they stride to their counting-rooms with a handful of letters, and ride galloping home in the afternoon with a bundle of newspapers, to stretch themselves on Chinese lounges, and read, with listless interest, what the world has been doing since last they heard from it. At

the book-store, picture and story papers are sold as fast as they can be unpacked. While the steamer remains in port, all the white people write letters. If she delays her departure beyond the appointed time, they write more letters; and, when she sails, they go down to the wharf to see her safely off with the letter-bags.

After she has gone, the news she brought is picked over, magnified, inverted, as it goes about. The travelers she left, whose names have been posted and read by everbody, are inquired for. Who are their friends? Where are they stopping? What are they going to do? Strange faces look at me in the street, saying, "That is he!" and gossip begins to nibble gently upon the new material thrown into society.

When this occupation flags, a soft listlessness sifts over the town. Carriages, carrying ladies and children, roll leisurely

up the valley-road on afternoons, or creep across the plain to the sea-beach, returning to hospitable gatherings in the evening. There is no hurry, and no dyspeptic care. All the days are so much alike, that it is difficult to take a note of time even by its loss.

The population of the city is about thirteen thousand, of which nearly twenty-five hundred are white people. Here they control all the capital and commerce of the islands. They have made here the center and the circumference of the kingdom. They export sugar, rice, coffee, hides, tallow, wool, cotton, fungus, peanuts. They have just completed a comfortable hotel for strangers, and I have the honor to be its first guest. So the pleasantry of the town is, that the new hotel in paradise has been opened with bliss.

THE HAWAIIAN KINGS.

THE Hawaiian dynasty is a polluted stream, originating with Kamehameha I., a polygamous chief, who was born about the year 1736, and before he died, in 1819, conquered and united the other islands under his autocratic rule.

There exist many romances about the accomplishments of this lustful savage, not only as a warrior, but as a statesman; although he lived in a time when statesmanship was a craft unknown to the barbarians of the Pacific. Rosy historians have described him as an Alexander, a Napoleon, or something greater than either. Tradition celebrates him for daring feats

of strength and physical skill, which his people considered to be indications of great mental powers. He seems to have been, literally, the father of his subjects. His hut was the harem of Hawaii. He seems, also, to have been the leading acrobat of Polynesia. He could catch flying spears and knives, even in his old age, more dexterously than any other man; and, if he had lived in the present day, he would have acquired fame and fortune in a gymnastic circus.

Kamehameha II., who succeeded him, was born in 1797, the eldest son of one of the chief's concubines.

The dynasty is afterward warranted in a woman named Kinau, who was the favorite daughter of another concubine of the chief, and a half-sister of this second king. Kinau became, in time, the concubine of her own father, and, after his death, the mother of two kings.

Kamehameha II. took for one of his concubines Kekauluohi, a half-sister of Kinau. She was not only a step-daughter of his father, but had been, also, his father's concubine. Both these women played important parts in the dynastic comedy.

The first act of this king was to abolish idolatry throughout the islands, — which he did, before the American missionaries arrived in 1820, — in order to get rid of the power of his priests, and to free himself from the restraint of those superstitious customs which prevented him from enjoying fish and poi with as many women as his father had. But his right to the throne was disputed by several of the bereaved concubines, who, professing to be widows, claimed royal rights under the feudal laws of the islands.

The oldest, heaviest, and most resolute of these was Kahumanu, born about 1768,

who, finding herself without power, became jealous and troublesome; claiming the throne. She was a woman of very large size and very little clothing; wearing only a fan and a short skirt, if the pictures of her are authentic. She treated the missionaries, at first, with disdain; but, after obtaining possession of the throne, she embraced them, and became their ardent supporter. They called her the good Kahumanu, named a street after her, and recognized her as the lawful ruler of the kingdom. Others said that she was an usurping old woman, which she probably was. She died in 1832.

As Kahumanu filled the royal chair full, the young king was disgusted, and, taking a queen with him, sailed, in 1823, for London, to visit his royal brother George the Fourth. There he and she ignominiously died of the measles.

The next king in the line was Kame-

hameha III., born in 1814, another son of the libidinous chief, by Keopuolani, a daughter of one of his allies.

On ascending the throne, in 1833, the king made Kinau his executive officer; a position which she held until 1838, when she died, and was succeeded in office by Kekauluohi, who died in 1845; having, by a plebeian, become the mother of Lunalilo; titled the Prince William, by reason of her relation to the concubine Kinau.

On a public occasion, this king said that the prosperity of the country lies in doing right, "*Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono;*" which words were adopted as the national motto.

He died in 1854. His queen Kalama survived him, squatting on a mat, eating with her fingers, sleeping on the floor, and wearing a few clothes, until 1871; when she died, and was buried with heathenish customs.

Kamehameha IV., a son of Kinau, and a grandson of the original chief, was born in 1834, — about one hundred years after his reputed grandfather first saw the light of day. In 1856 he married Emma Rooke, daughter, by an Hawaiian chief, of Fanny Young, who was a daughter of John Young, the pilgrim father of the country, who landed on a rock on the shore of Hawaii, in 1790, — an English sailor in search of freedom. He made friendship with the sire of the dynasty, became the companion, philosopher, chaplain, and, finally, the lieutenant-general of his patron. In the mean time he also became the father of a numerous race of half-castes, who still say, "Peace to his ashes!"

This king died in 1863. His lawful wife, Emma, is the only Hawaiian queen who has merited and enjoyed the reputation of a lady.

Kamehameha V., the last king of the

dynasty, was born in 1830, a son of Kinau. He died at Honolulu, unmarried and without an heir, in December, 1872.

This was the most kingly monarch that has occupied the Hawaiian throne. He believed in royalty; was manly, dignified, sensible, and physically great, — characteristics which distinguished him from his subjects, and gave him much influence over them. He was an easy liver, a boon companion; but he gave attention to all public matters, was friendly to Americans, and favored every measure that tended to increase the commercial life of his country, and to make the capital city of Honolulu attractive to foreigners. His first act, on assuming the royal power, was to refuse to take oath to the existing constitution of the kingdom.

Previous to 1840, the government had been an absolute monarchy, dispensed by a king and a council of chiefs. In that year

the American missionaries induced Kamehameha III. to sign a bill of rights of the people and the chiefs, and to approve of a constitution by which the absolute rule and irresponsible authority of the throne was to be exchanged for a government of which the legislative power was vested in a king, a house of nobles, and a house of representatives elected by the people. In 1852, the same king assented to a constitution of a more democratic character, which gave to each branch of the government a check upon the other, and granted suffrage to all men who had attained twenty years.

Kamehameha V. disbelieved in the theory that all men are born free and equal. He understood the nature of his own people better than many who had theorized for them. He wished to give to his office more importance in the administration of the government, and to limit the popular suffrage by a qualification of personal in-

come, property, and certain intellectual acquirements, to be possessed by the elector and by the representative. He therefore refused to take the oath when he came to the throne, but called a convention to alter the constitution.

The convention made a spirited and determined opposition to his wishes. After five weeks of discussion, the king lost his patience, and made known his intentions in the following address: —

"I am very sorry that we do not agree. It is clear to me, that, if universal suffrage is permitted, this government will soon lose its monarchical character. As we do not agree, it is useless to prolong the session. And as, at the time his Majesty Kamehameha III. gave the constitution of the year 1852, he reserved to himself the power of taking it away if it was not for the interest of his people; and as it is clear to me that that king left the revision of the constitution to my predecessor and myself: therefore, as I sit in his seat, on the part of the sovereignty of the Hawaiian Islands, I make known to-day that the constitu-

tion of 1852 is abrogated. I will give you a constitution."

The convention was dissolved. Within a week, the king announced a new constitution, which has remained the fundamental law of the land. "The kingdom is his," is its language and spirit. It centralizes all political power into the hands of the king; makes his person sacred, his ministers responsible; ignores the theory of "free and equal" birthright; and prescribes property and certain educational accomplishments as qualifications for a voter and for a member of the legislature. It attempts to purify the dynasty by stringent restrictions upon royal marriages; and it also provides for a new stock for a royal family, should the Kamehameha dynasty become extinct.

To the reign of Kamehameha V. the city of Honolulu is indebted for its best public improvements, — for the post-office

building, the parliament house, the Hawaiian Hotel, the harbor light-house, and the capacious wharves which fringe the esplanade. His government was animated by a spirit of enterprise befitting a larger sphere and a more intelligent people.

THE HAWAIIAN KINGDOM.

THE kingdom comprises eight inhabited islands, lying just within the Tropic of Cancer, stretching on a curve about three hundred miles long, from 160° west longitude, 22° north latitude, down to longitude 155° west, and latitude 19° north. These islands are called Hawaii, Maui, Molokai, Lanai, Oahu, Kaui, Niihau, Kahoolawe. They are occupied by a decreasing population of natives, and an increasing population of foreigners. The kingdom also claims a little island called Palmyra, in latitude 6° north, longitude 162° west.

The development of the Hawaiian Islands into a constitutional kingdom does not appear to have been the work of mis-

sionary labor alone. Missionary labor in a heathen community, such as this was formerly, tends only to a fixed point of improvement. After the Christian religion has supplanted idolatry, and the forces of education have been put in motion, the work of the missionary remains stationary for a while, or until those influences which follow an intercourse with civilized people through many years can complete the structure whose foundation the missionary has laid.

After years of persistent toil, the American missionaries gained that fixed point of improvement in these islands, when the commercial civilization of the white people succeeded to the position thus acquired. And, in reviewing its history, he is short-sighted who does not see, that, but for such merchants as Hunnewell, Brewer, Pierce, and Peck, whose capital, honor, and industry gave life to the early commerce of the

islands, and but for such statesmen as Lee, Robertson, Wyllie, and Allen, whose skill arranged and controlled the conflicting interests of foreigners and natives, so that all have been made to dwell together in harmony, this kingdom might have been, up to the present time, merely a missionary station, instead of a commercial centre.

But what is to be the fate of the native islanders, over whom this surf of civilization is rolling? Are they to be swept away, like the American Indians, and give place to another race? They have been dying fast since first they saw the white man. In 1823 the population of all the islands was estimated at 142,000. In 1832 a census was taken, and the number found to be 130,300; in 1836 a census gave 108,500; in 1850 only 82,400; in 1853 the number had fallen to 73,100; in 1860, to 69,700; in 1866, to 63,000; in 1872 the entire population does not exceed

57,000. During the six years preceding the census of 1866, the number of deaths exceeded the births by 1,123 annually.

In 1867, 1868, and 1869, the annual excess of deaths over births was 1,155; in 1870 and 1871, it was 1,175. The flood of death rises higher every year, threatening the race with annihilation.

Marriages between the natives are not prolific, even when the married are in comfortable circumstances and of industrious habits. Offspring are regarded as a calamity. Settlements are vanishing; cottages are vacated and destroyed; and we ride for miles in parts of the country which were once populous, without seeing a new hut, or hearing the voices of children, or meeting a human being.

The commercial condition of the kingdom is not promising. There is no activity or prosperity in any department of labor or business. Decreasing population, dimin-

ishing production, lack of enterprise, withdrawal of capital, increasing taxation, and increasing expenses of living, foretell a dismal future. The American whaling-fleet, which has always been one of the chief sources of its prosperity, and is now smaller than it ever has been, is making its rendezvous at other ports; and before many years it may entirely abandon Honolulu. But capital could build up a domestic whaling-business here, if there were men and enterprise enough to undertake it; for the best whaling-grounds are near by, — in the North and South Pacific and Arctic Oceans.

That "Pacific highway" to Asia, of which Honolulu has been described as the natural halfway station, is only a route of the imagination. The kingdom is a thousand miles south of the steamship courses between San Francisco and Japan, or China; and the coral bar at the entrance

of Honolulu harbor shuts out the large ships of modern commerce.

The sugar-plantations, also, are not profitable, nor increasing in number. It is difficult to obtain labor. The plan of stocking them with coolies, and of bringing into the islands a foreign population, is yet unaccomplished; and the Hawaiian who has simple food and shelter is not eager to work for any thing more. His ancestors did not trouble themselves about cultivating sugar, rice, or cotton, and he sees no reason why he should toil in the sun on plantations; nor has he energy to do so successfully, even if he had the disposition.

Those who have studied the subject most, believe that the native race is destined to disappear soon, and give place to the Anglo-Saxons and Chinese, — the two people representing the civilizations of the East and of the West, who parted on the

plains of Asia four thousand years ago, and, pursuing opposite directions around the world, have been, until recently, separated from each other by the Pacific Ocean. There are about two thousand industrious Chinamen on the islands. It is thought that the taro-patches of the Hawaiians are to become the rice-fields of the Chinese, for which they are exactly adapted; and that, eventually, the Asiatics will be the only cultivators of the soil of the Hawaiian kingdom, aided by the capital of white men. Doubtless, the future prosperity of the country lies in that result.

EVENTS AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

IT is believed that the Hawaiian Islands were first discovered by the Spaniards, and were often seen by the Spanish galleons on their yearly passages between Acapulco and Manilla, in the sixteenth century. According to tradition, two Spanish vessels from Mexico were wrecked on the Island of Hawaii about the year 1525. Their crews mixed with the native race, whose descendants, it is said, can even now be distinguished by their complexion.

The Spanish charts of the Pacific Ocean, dated in the sixteenth century, give the position of the islands with some accuracy,

and call them by names describing the appearance which each island presented to the Spanish navigators when seen from their vessels. These charts were known in England when Captain Cook sailed on his voyages of discovery; and as the London charts of 1777, the year before Cook first visited the islands, record their existence, this English navigator can not be considered as their discoverer.

About the year 1740, according to tradition, a ship landed a crew of white men on the Island of Oahu. The natives knew the value and uses of iron before Cook arrived. They stole his boat, and broke it up to get the iron from it, in Kealakekua Bay, where his ships anchored in January, 1779, and where he was killed in a combat with the natives, on the 14th of February, while negotiating, on the shore, for the return of his boat.

The French navigator, La Perouse, who

also was killed by Pacific savages, visited the islands in 1786. In 1790 the first trading-ship arrived, — the American ship "Eleanor." The English explorer, Vancouver, arrived in 1792, and brought from California the first cattle that the islanders had seen. In 1793 the harbor of Honolulu was discovered and entered by a trading-vessel from the west coast of America. In 1820 the first whaler arrived, — the ship "Mary" from Nantucket. The lighthouse of Honolulu was first lighted in 1869.

The first Protestant missionaries arrived at the islands in April, 1820, by the brig "Thaddeus," which sailed from Boston in October, 1819. The company consisted of Asa Thurston and Hiram Bingham, clergymen; Thomas Holman, physician; Daniel Chamberlain, farmer; Samuel Ruggles, teacher; Samuel Whitney, mechanic; Elisha Loomis, printer; and their wives. They were well received by the islanders.

who were superstitious idolaters, living under the tyranny of their chiefs and priests. Since 1820 the American churches have sent nearly one hundred and fifty men and women as missionaries to these islands, and have spent a million of dollars for their evangelical civilization. One result of this investment is the controlling influence of Americans (now naturalized Hawaiian subjects) in all departments of the kingdom. If this influence were withdrawn, it is probable that the islanders would gradually relapse toward their original condition; and, as they are dying faster than they are born, the islands must eventually become a legacy to the inhabitants of white blood. These increase slowly, by birth and immigration. In 1870 and 1871, one hundred foreigners took the oath of allegiance and became Hawaiian subjects, of which 8 were born in Great Britain, 16 in the United States, 40 in Germany, 23 in China.

In July, 1827, the first Roman-Catholic missionaries arrived at Honolulu from France. In 1829 the government of the islands, having discovered that the papal faith was extending among the natives, directed the Roman priests to close their chapels, and the people to forsake this new religion. The edict was followed by persecution; and some stubborn proselytes were confined in irons. Roman-Catholic missionaries arriving afterward were not allowed to land on the islands. But in 1839 the French Government compelled the Hawaiian king to declare the Roman-Catholic worship free to all, and to give the church a plot of land in Honolulu on which to erect a Roman cathedral. The believers among the natives, in the Roman and in the Protestant faith, are about equal in number at the present time.

The first code of laws put into practice on the islands was the Ten Command-

ments, in 1825. From that date legal enactments were varied, contradictory, and confused: nominally issued by the king, they were executed in the old despotic style, according to the fancy of local governors and chiefs. In 1843 the islands, having adopted a written constitution for a civilized form of government, were formally acknowledged by Great Britain, France, and the United States, as an independent nation, capable of managing its own affairs. The constitution was changed in 1852, and was again entirely reconstructed in 1864.

The Hawaiian alphabet, which was formed by the American missionaries, contains only twelve letters; each letter being an articulate sound. They are a, e, i, o, u, h, k, l, m, n, p, w; pronounced ah, a, e, o, oo, hay, kay, lah, moo, noo, pe, way. It is not difficult to comprehend the oral language.

In 1856, 1867, 1869, unsuccessful at-

tempts were made by the Hawaiian Government to form a reciprocity treaty with the United States, by which products of the two countries should enter the ports of either free of duty. The gain to the islands would be a favorable market for their sugar, of which the production varies between twenty and thirty million pounds annually.

The conveniences for travel on the islands are few. The principal carriage-roads are in the vicinity of Honolulu. Elsewhere journeys must be made on horseback, over rough bridle-paths. Communication between the islands is made regularly by a steam-propeller, owned by the government, which leaves Honolulu weekly, calling at several points, going and returning. Her regular passengers are natives, Chinamen, and dogs, on deck, going to and from the sugar-plantations.

Honolulu is the source of every commer-

cial, political, and religious interest in the islands. Here is the palace, the parliament-house, the treasury, the supreme court, the general post-office, and the only hotel in the kingdom. Here are two American churches, — the Seamen's Bethel Church, established in 1833, and the Fort-street Church, established in 1852; an English Church, called St. Andrew's, established in 1862, a Roman-Catholic, and two native churches. Here is a bank, — American gold coin being the standard currency, and five-franc pieces current for a dollar, — a livery-stable, two weekly newspapers, a theater, many shops, billiard-rooms, drinking-saloons, and more physicians than any visitor can require.

MORAL LIFE OF THE NATIVES.

THE delightful condition of the white people, living in pretty cottages under the shade-trees of Honolulu, eating the lotus and dancing the polka through a perennial summer, is a pleasant picture always noticed by the stranger. But there is a contrast to it in the life of the native population of the islands, — in their moral character, their social condition, their dress, food, amusements, habits, and occupations.

The Hawaiians are full of superstitions. Christianity has not succeeded in eradicating that reverence for omens and sorceries, and that ingrained belief in fatality, which

possesses all classes of this people. Even the late king, who, although a pure native, was an educated man, trained early in the American mission-school, shared in all the superstitious feelings of his race. In his household lived Kamaipuupaa, a sorceress, doctress, and priestess; a nervous, magnetic woman, shrewd, intelligent, and adept to a wonderful degree.

As a royal dignity, her position was recognized by a full purse and a retinue of servants. Many statements were current about her influence over the late king, which it is difficult to credit. She doubtless held some control over his personal movements; and when he visited his sheep-farm on the Island of Molokai, or his seaside cottage at Waikiki, it was on the days designated by her as fortunate for the trip. The story is that this sorceress declared that the earthquake of February, 1871, occurred because a favorite saddle-horse of the king had been

ridden by a foreigner. The spirit of a former Hawaiian chief, having taken free lodgings in the horse, was indignant at this desecration, and gave the island a shake to pay for it. To prevent more shakes, the horse must not be saddled again: he must also be led through all the streets of Honolulu. Since this promenade was made, there have been no earthquakes.

The families descended from chiefs form an aristocracy in the native community; and a distinction between these and the common people is acknowledged, although not with the same respect as in ancient times. If a large school of *alaua* (a small white fish, that, dying, takes a red color) runs into the shore, the natives believe that it foretells the death of a chief. When a chief or chiefess, or one of their children, dies, the people expect a compensating death to occur in their own community; and they are careful to keep themselves and their

children within doors, after dark, lest one be taken suddenly away by the evil spirit, which is supposed to be wandering about in the night-time, searching for a victim.

This superstition seems to be a relic of one of the original religious beliefs of the islanders. They believed that the soul, after death, lingered around the body, haunted dark and solitary places, occasionally appearing to annoy its enemies. It finally went to the paradise of Wakea, — the traditional progenitor of the Hawaiian people. There it remained through ages of comfort and pleasure, if it had been a religious soul before death; but if not, if it had failed to observe all the commandments of the priests, it entered this paradise only to leap from it, down a great precipice, into a place of misery called Milu.

A house in which a sudden death has occurred is dreaded by the natives. I met a

respectable native woman, the wife of an American, who was obliged to sojourn in such a house; but she would not do so until she had obtained a piece of sugar-cane over which a sorcerer had made incantations, and placed it above the door to avert the misfortune which she believed the house to possess.

These sorcerers do a great deal of mischief. As the law punishes them if caught in their sorceries, they practice in secret, encouraged by the natural superstition of the people. Their most dangerous power is that of praying persons to death. This power is believed to be hereditary; and the sorcerer who has it is called *kahuna-anaana*, a praying priest. His prayers and ceremonies work so effectually upon the superstitious feelings of the victim, that the latter gives up to despair, anticipating an early death, which sometimes takes place. Members of native churches have died under the influence of this sorcery.

When natives engage in a lawsuit, they sometimes seek the services of a *kahuna*, as well as of a lawyer; thus employing both civilized and heathen arts to work out their ends. To secure the prayers of this sorcerer, the native not only pays him money, but offers him three things before he will commence his work. These are *puaahiva*, a yellow pig, *moalava*, a white cock, and *awa*, a narcotic drink, — articles which are to be obtained with difficulty.

These people, like all Polynesians, are prone to theft. If you have been robbed, and suspect the actual thief, let him know that you have engaged a *kahuna*, and the stolen property will be returned. I was out with a party of herdsmen, and, night coming on, slept on a mat in a grass-hut, the natives lying about us both inside and outside of the shelter. In the morning I discovered that six half-dollars had been taken from my coat-pocket. I immedi-

ately called for a white boy, and putting some money in his hand, told him to mount his horse, go and find the necessary offerings, take them to a *kahuna*, and bring him here. Every man heard these directions; but I told the boy privately, that he was to be away for the day, and that he was not to spend any money for a *kahuna*. On going into the hut soon after, I saw my money piled in the doorway.

A *kahuna* will pick out the thief from a number of persons, if he be one of them, by an artful ceremony called *waihaalulu*, or ruffled water. A calabash on the ground is filled with water, over which the *kahuna* acts pantomimes, and then compels every one to squat around, and hold hands in it, while he, standing, and reciting enchantments, watches the hands in the water. As the thief believes that he must be found out under the eyes of the sorcerer, his hands tremble, the water is ruffled, and his guilt is apparent.

When the natives are ill, they are unwilling to enter the public hospitals where white physicians furnish medical aid; preferring their *kauka*, or native doctor, whom they consult on the slightest cause. The medicines which this charlatan administers are derived from the roots of indigenous plants, and are either drastic purges and emetics, or are entirely inert, relieving the patient, if relieved at all, by the force of imagination only.

The prevailing diseases of the people in the rural districts are dysentery, fevers, marasmus, and consumption; all of which are induced by their poor food and careless habits of life. But back of these diseases lies their original sin; the iniquity of the parents visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation. The blood of the people has been contaminated with the syphilitic poison, either by inheritance or by contagion. Its forms are seen

in both town and country. Even children suffer from it; and its ravages are so universal, that it may be accounted the principal cause of the rapid decay of the Hawaiian race.

The Hawaiians have not abandoned all heathenisms. They treat their dead, before burial, as their ancestors did, following the custom of all primitive nations.

The saturnalia of the natives, which always follows the death of a chief or person of rank, is characterized by many of those barbarous and licentious rites which prevailed with their ancestors. These events seem to throw the people back into paganism. Disregarding the better influences which surround them, they now eagerly transform themselves into a savage state, whose developments are a shock to all theories respecting the power of Christian teachings.

With these saturnalia they celebrated

the death of Queen Kalama in 1871. And when the last of the Kamehamehas died, in 1872, while the body lay in the palace, the surrounding grounds were occupied by thousands of native wailers, sorcerers, minstrels, and contortionists, who, protected by the native guard of the late king, made day and night shameful with licentiousness and riot. Half-naked women swung rattling calabashes, while they swayed their bodies in lascivious dances; sorcerers screamed their incantations; men rushed at each other in feigned contests; professional wailers rocked and wailed for the dead king; and minstrels recited his physical power and licentious exploits with endless repetition. It was like the funeral saturnalia of the first Kamehameha, fifty-three years before.

When an untitled native dies, the body is laid upon a mat, surrounded by mourners, who wail over it for a long time. The

wail is a constant repetition, in a loud minor key, of the word *aue* (o-a), meaning, "alas!" This monotonous cry, drawled and prolonged by a multitude of voices in the same mournful tone, produces a peculiar effect upon the mind of the listener. I have heard its dismal note for days in succession, coming from a native's cottage in view from my window. But the mourners are not always as much distressed as they appear to be. A joke will vary their sorrow; and a laugh often serves as an interlude to these tedious wailings. The day after burial, they tell me that their friend is dead, with the same animation that they would use in speaking of a good fortune.

The islanders have no strong natural affections. They have never learned to express personal attachments with a kiss; a rubbing-together of noses being their only token. They live in the present, taking little thought of the morrow;

retaining many of the moral obliquities that the races of Polynesia have always possessed. The women are not paragons of virtue; nor are the men noted for their fidelity to the marriage-vow. So little appreciation have they of the pleasurable emotions, that their language contains no word for gratitude, — not even a "thank you," — and no terms that can express connubial happiness; while it abounds in terms which express every shade of vice. Their most attractive trait is an easy and listless good nature, pleasant to see, but of no value in an emergency. Although a few have become good mechanics, coasting seamen, and agricultors, and will engage in daily work for a consideration, the most of them appear to me to be natural sluggards, who would rather lie on their bellies, and play cards all day, than stand upon their feet, and earn a livelihood.

PHYSICAL LIFE OF THE NATIVES.

EUROPEAN styles of clothing are as irksome to these islanders as they are to other natives of the tropics. Their natural preferences of dress and food do not differ from those of their ancestors.

The state dress of Kamehameha I., which he wore when, with his chiefs, he boarded merchant-ships coming to Honolulu to trade rum for sandal-wood, was a red jacket, a frilled shirt, and a malo. The malo is a strip of cloth passed between the legs, and around the hips. At that time, it formed the entire dress of the people. I have seen many with nothing else on them. In the city, being compelled to cover them-

selves, the men wear a shirt and trowsers, and the women a full, beltless gown, called a *holuku*. Men and women are generally barefooted; shoes and stockings being worn only on occasions. Dress is so unnatural, that some will strip themselves of it entirely, as soon as they gain the shelter of their houses; thus hastening to escape into their original condition of happy barbarism. In the country, these city fashions disappear. Trowsers are scarce, and sometimes shirts also; leaving only the malo, in which costume the men, when seen remote, remind me of antique figures in bronze.

The women in the country cover themselves with a calico *holuku*, the bottom of which they gather up into a malo when they go into the water. Both sexes are fond of the water, and will bathe in a muddy stream as readily as in a clean pool, for amusement, and to cool them-

selves if they have a fever. They bathe themselves standing in their door-yards, while a fresh north-east wind is blowing upon their naked bodies. During moonlit nights they sit and sleep upon the dewy grass. After a shower, they lounge upon the wet ground around the fire on which their repast is cooking. Thus they invite disease of the lungs; and the dismal coughs which I hear on every side lead me to conclude that the whole nation is affected with consumption. A large business in one of the back-streets of Honolulu is the manufacture of plain coffins.

The principal food of the natives is fish and taro. I see them every day, along the shores and on the reefs, swimming and diving in the sea for shell-fish, weeds, and any marine esculent on which they can make a meal. Men and women fish in companies, by fastening to a long cord a fringe of cocoanut-leaves, reeds, and fibrous bark, which

they carry out, by wading, to a distance from the shore, and, returning, draw it after them like a seine. On nearing the beach, they bring it to a circle to secure the inclosed fishes, which are divided among the party.

Taro is their staple food. It is a solid, viscous species of potato, sweet and nutritious; grows as a root, only in wet soil; and is a year in ripening. It has a bluish color when cooked. Mashed in water, it makes a paste called poi. This looks like putty, can be kept in store, and is esteemed best for food when in a fermented state. In many places the people have nothing to eat but a little poi, or a sweet-potato, with a kukui-nut and salt to give some relish to this insipid food.

The mountain-ranges running through the center of the islands being either cool or inaccessible, all the country people live near the shore, or in the adjacent valleys,

where they are within sight and reach of the sea. Their geographical ideas are limited by these natural boundaries; every locality and direction being to them either *makai*, toward the sea, or *mauka*, toward the mountains.

Here they occupy themselves in idling, fishing, repairing their canoes, cultivating taro or bananas, making poi, and playing cards.

In all these things the women imitate the men. A few make tapa, a thin cloth hammered from the bark of the *mamaki*-tree, or of the *wanti*, which is our paper mulberry-shrub. This cloth they ornament with blocks and stripes of gaudy vegetable colors. It is sold as a curiosity to strangers. The making of lais furnishes some with money. These are flower-blossoms strung on a thread, like beads, worn around the head or neck, on holidays, by both sexes; blossoms of the fragrant cape-

jessamine, the mimosa, and the lobelia, being the favorites. A more valuable industry is the braiding of mats from rushes. Some of these mats are of fine texture; some are large enough to cover a chamber-floor of ordinary size. Placed in layers, they are used as a bed, sometimes by an entire family, even by the aristocracy; and they are generally as full of fleas as circumstances will permit.

The amusements of the natives in old times were games and dances of an immoral character, which the government now allows them to engage in on certain festive occasions only. The present generation has learned all the games and dances of the white people. During any still night in Honolulu, I can hear at my windows the twang of fiddles and the shuffle of quadrilles, coming from cottages where yellow belles are enjoying a dance with white and yellow beaux.

Gambling with cards, racing their unshod fillies, — the women riding astraddle, — are the pastimes of both sexes. In wandering about the country, I have often seen an entire family lying on the grass, playing cards, surrounded by their dozing cats and dogs. The cats, dogs, and chickens came with civilization. When the missionaries brought their cats ashore, and, stroking their backs, said, "Poor pussy," the natives looking on said, "*Popoki*," which became the Hawaiian word for cat.

In a native church I saw an audience, on Sunday evening, listening to a native preacher; while along the central aisle sat seven serious dogs, heads up, listening to the Hawaiian tongue with a gravity that was too ludicrous for the place. The dog is the friend and companion of the Hawaiian.

> "To be, contents his natural desire;
> He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,
> But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company."

The government takes advantage of this affinity, and taxes every dog. The favorites are mean-looking mongrels with bandy legs; feeding, like their owners, on vegetables, and never having the hydrophobia. Their favorite cats are destitute of tails; and their favorite cocks never cease vain endeavors to crow in a respectable style. But island life has demoralized them, as it has other foreigners.

The Hawaiians, like all Polynesians, have their alcoholic drinks, which they distill from bananas and from the sweet root of the *ti* shrub roasted. From the shrub called *awa*, they extract a liquid producing the same effects as opium. The use of this narcotic is general with all classes. They have also learned the use of opium from the Chinese, with whom they come more in contact every year. Young natives, as well as the old, of both sexes, smoke the opium-pipe.

The law which forbids the selling of

spirituous liquors to natives is not strictly enforced. For a long time it was evaded by cologne-water, perfumes, and patent-medicines, largely infused with alcohol, which the natives drank eagerly. About one-fourth of the annual customs receipts at Honolulu are for imported wines and spirits; and twenty thousand empty bottles are sent to California monthly.

The Hawaiian women are not beautiful. There is some beauty in the women of mixed blood, but none in the native women, if the first element of beauty is cleanliness. A mild and cheerful expression runs over all the young faces, which merges into serious wrinkles at thirty. There is no individuality in their countenances, and but little variety.

The hair, eyes, and mouths of all, are alike, — thick black hair, which might be handsome, were it not universally common; dark eyes, which might be attractive, if

they united that sense and sweetness which comes from intelligence and affection.

Docile people, as these are, lacking courage and self-reliance, fail to attain greatness in any thing. Even as musicians, they are not successful; for they have no natural ideas of time or harmony. Their church choirs can sing through a hymn when they have an organ or a leader to support them; but without this support, although they start with courage, they are sure to surrender and sit down before getting far into "Greenland's Icy Mountains." When this catastrophe occurs, I have seen the preacher go on with the services as if he had expected that result.

The government has a band of native musicians, which often furnishes music at the public balls that vary the long monotone of Honolulu. As soon as these players are stirred by the sound of their instruments, they invariably rush the dance into

a confusion, out of which the inevitable base-drum will be the last survivor.

At these gatherings a stranger is unpleasantly impressed by the miscegeneration of the white and colored races; which, more frequent formerly than now, has occurred by the marriage of white men to native women, but never by the marriage of a white woman to a native man. Reflecting upon this unnatural alliance between a superior and an inferior race, which tends to sink the white man into the mire of an indolent and unnoticed life, I can not help thinking of Tennyson's words: —

"Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!"

THE LEPERS' VILLAGE.

THERE is leprosy in the Hawaiian blood; but none of it is to be seen in Honolulu, as those who are found to be afflicted with it are sent to the lepers' village, on the island of Molokai.

The leprosy is contagious and incurable. Yet the natives are heedless of the danger which threatens them from association and contact with it. Rather than allow their leper relatives to be taken away, they secrete them from the searching officers by hiding them in the valleys and cane-fields. And, instead of accepting civilized medical skill, they prefer to confide the lepers to their native doctors, who pretend to cure

the leprosy with black-cat-broth and dried centipedes.

To visit the settlement on Molokai, which is about thirty miles east of Honolulu, we embark on a clipper schooner bound to windward to bring down a cargo of sugar from Lahaina, — a town on the Island of Maui, where lepers may be seen in its one broad street. After rolling to starboard, and rolling to larboard, all night long, the schooner heaves to at sunrise, off the southern coast of the island, and we are set ashore from a small boat in the little harbor of Kaunakaki.

The island is green with vegetation, but deserted like a solitude. There are less than 1,500 people on it, although it contains 170 square miles. As we ride on horseback away from the shore up the ascending plains in a north-eastern direction, we pass deserted garden-patches, fallen walls, and ruins of native huts, on

which knots of long grass are waving like signals of distress. Crossing a succession of green hills, we come suddenly to the brink of the precipice of Kalaupapa, which looks north to the ocean, and is 2,000 feet high.

Below, from the foot of the precipice, stretches a plain, diversified with hills and vales, and reaching to the distant shore, where it curves, like a scythe, into the sea, turning up a white swath against the trade-wind. The plain is covered with luxuriant vegetation; but we can see no life on it. Here and there a few brown huts catch the eye. Far on the right are dots of white houses. That is the leper village.

A steep bridle-path zigzags down the front of the precipice, and we must descend it. Under wreathing vines, white blossoms, and swinging trailers, which adorn and obstruct the descent into this valley of death, the horses step carefully

and tediously. In an hour they reach the plain, when a gallop of two miles brings us to the settlement.

It consists of detached houses, inclosed by stone walls or picket-fences, standing in open pasture-land and sweet-potato-fields. Papaia, puhala, banana trees, and a winding brook, give a picturesque appearance to the village. Its horizon is bounded on one side by the flower-covered precipice, which shuts off the world, and on the other side by the ocean.

"Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

Every person in this community is a leper. Of those who have not lost hands or feet, the men till the ground, and the women braid mats. Those who can not take care of themselves are nursed in hospitals by leper nurses. The boys and girls go to school to leper teachers, learning the branches of a simple education, which none

of them can probably live long enough to appreciate. They leave the school with frolicsome shouts: they romp across the green fields, enjoying the air and sunshine like children in other lands, unconscious of their misfortune.

In a grassy field near the sea-shore stands a little church, visited all day by the sun and sea-breeze. Here a native minister, a leper, leads religious services on Sunday for his miserable fellows.

These poor people seem to be contented. A ration of five pounds of fresh meat and twenty pounds of vegetables is issued to each person weekly, in addition to what each one cultivates with his own labor. This support is so much better than any Hawaiian ever has at home, that natives living on other parts of the island have desired to make themselves lepers in order to be taken care of in this village of death.

As we turn away for our homeward jour-

ney, it is natural to wish, for the sake of humanity, that there might be in this beautiful valley a River Jordan into which these miserable people may dip and be cleansed. But the curse of Elisha upon his corrupt servant seems to be irrevocably fixed upon them: "The leprosy of Naaman shall cleave unto thee and unto thy seed for ever."

MAUNA LOA.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS AND RUINS.

THE Hawaiian Islands are the most conspicuous objects in the Pacific Ocean. They are all mountainous and of volcanic origin; the peaks on the smallest of them rising to 500 feet above the sea, and on the largest to the line of perpetual frost. From their highest summits, down to the lowest depth to which excavations have been made, the soil is found to be lava in various stages of decomposition It nowhere discloses stratified rocks, but everywhere melted earth, fused in volcanic furnaces, which has been poured out in vast masses, forming the lava mountains

of Konahuanui, 3,100 feet high on the Island of Oahu; Waialeale, 8,000 feet high on the Island of Kauai; Haleakala, 10,200 feet high on the Island of Maui; and on the Island of Hawaii, Hualali, 9,000 feet, Mauna Loa, 13,760 feet, and Mauna Kea, 13,950 feet above the level of the sea.

The volcanic action has ceased long ago on all the islands except Hawaii,— the largest and southernmost of the group, — where the crater called Kilauea is now smoking, 4,000 feet above the sea, and thirty miles, by a tedious bridle-path, from the pretty seaport of Hilo. This crater, which is about nine miles in circumference, is known to have been in an active state for one hundred years past, during which time the lava has been continually bubbling and boiling in its caldrons. It lies on a plain on the southern slope of Mauna Loa, one-third of the distance up; and, although grand and terrific in its fiery

activity, it is, perhaps, less impressive than that vast and desolate crater which crowns the frozen summit above, from which, in the centuries past, there was poured out the fused material to form this magnificent dome, sixty miles in diameter, and nearly three miles in hight.

The crater called Monaweoweo, on the summit of Mauna Loa, is enormous; its upper circumference being estimated as twenty miles in circuit. From its brink, rugged and precipitous walls descend to a depth of 1,200 feet. On the floor of this great pit rise conical hills of lava; and wide chasms open down into the roots of the mountain, so black, that the light of a noonday sun fails to illumine them, and so deep, that a stone thrown in sends back its decreasing echoes for minutes, as it bounds from side to side in its descent to the bottom.

Eruptions of lava have occurred in this crater at intervals of several years: the

last was in August, 1872. But there is no record or tradition of the time when any part of the lava-remains now covering the summit of the mountain were ejected from it.

Mauna Loa may be ascended from Hilo, by way of Kilauea; but a shorter ascent leads from another point. For this, we embark at Honolulu, and, sailing along the islands, land in the small cove of Kaalualu, on the southern point of Hawaii. Here we hire horses, and ride seven miles to the native village of Waiohinu; which is pleasantly situated 1,000 feet above the sea, in a little valley on the southern slope of the great mountain, sheltered under a forest of kukui, orange, fig, and guava trees. It has about two hundred inhabitants, who support themselves by trade in pulu-moss, goat-skins, and fruit. This is the orange district of the island.

The people are glad to supply horses,

pack-mules, guides, and servants for a journey up the mountain.

Leaving this village, two bridle-paths stretch away, — one along the shore, the other directly up the slopes. In wet weather, the shore-road is more passable than the other; but on a dry, sunny day, the upper road is cooler, and the many landscapes which it opens to view are charming. There is always in sight the Pacific Ocean; its surface flashing like a mirror, away to the distant horizon; its white surf fringing the edge of the shore below. Dry lava-plains, black and red, spotted with green cactus-bushes, belted by groves of koa and kukui trees, lie between the rolling hills over which we ride; while above us rises the mountain, ridge after ridge, until it is lost in the white clouds which conceal the summit.

The first halt on the journey up the mountain is made at Kapapala 2,000 feet

above the sea, twenty-four miles from Waiohinu, where Mr. Richardson, a white farmer, offers hospitality to travelers. Here a new guide is needed; and he can generally be found among the native laborers on the farm. The man who is best qualified for a guide is a bullock-hunter: in this pursuit he becomes familiar with every trail which the wild cattle follow, roaming on the mountain above. Seven miles riding from Kapapala, over an ascending path covered with weeds, brings us to a cottage and cattle-station, on the edge of the forest, in the region of frost. This is the farm of Captain Ellis, the highest dweller on the mountain.

From this station, the upward path winds through a succession of koa and ohia groves. After a ride of nine miles, we reach a level clearing; the half-way rest, 7,000 feet above the sea, which is in sight below us. Here is no shelter; but here it is well to disencumber ourselves of all su-

perfluous luggage, leave it, and take it up on our return from the summit.

Now there is neither path nor trail for us to follow, and we rely upon the intelligence of our guide to lead us over the remaining ten miles of the journey. After leaving the half-way, we ride through bushes and stunted scrubs of vegetation, which gradually verge into universal barrenness.

The riding becomes tedious and perilous. The mountain is covered with blocks and shafts of lava stone, rising in ridges and hummocks, and heaped in masses of confusion. We cross dry, crispy plains, whose surface is split into a thousand crevices; we descend into slaggy vales; we follow the edges of deep fissures; we stumble across solid lava streams whose top is petrified in eddies and billows; we climb over piles of glossy cinders; and we surmount lava hills and terraces, only to toil up and down others which rise in succession be-

yond. Is there a drearier scene of desolation on the face of the earth? Before us, behind us, and all around us, stretches this gloomy desert of ruins, showing no trail of travel, nor a green blade, nor a leaf, to refresh our wearied eyes.

Sometimes a chilling cloud swoops down upon us, shutting off this awful scene; then the wind dispels it, and we can discover the ocean, nearly three miles below us, whose surface seems to rise up to an horizon half-way between the zenith and the foot of the mountain. The temperature of the air is below the freezing-point. Our pulses beat a hundred pulsations each minute, as we sit in the saddles. Our breath comes only by long inhalations. Some complain of headaches, and tingling in the ears; some of nausea. Cold, exhausted, and uncomfortable as we are, we can all join in hearty cheers as we reach, at last, the crown of this loftiest volcano rising out of the Pacific Ocean.

Descriptions of volcanic eruptions are unsatisfactory. Those who have attempted to make them have generally concluded that language was not intended for that purpose. All the fire-works of a Fourth of July, exploding simultaneously, and without design, accompanied by discharges of cannons, showers of bomb-shells, explosions of gas, blue-lights, smoke, steam, sulphureous smells, and illuminated fountains of any imaginable hight and volume, are the confused elements which compose the scene; to be looked upon, in safety, from a distance.

The cause of volcanic eruptions has not been satisfactorily accounted for, although the theories in regard to it are numerous. The latest theory, which promises to take the place of all others, is very simple in principle. The earth is gradually parting with its heat. As it cools, it contracts. In the process of cooling, the interior con-

tracts more rapidly than the crust; and consequently the crust must shrink, and crush its way down toward the center. This sinking, or shrinkage, of the crust of the earth, is sufficient to cause all the known phenomena of volcanic action. In the creative period of the earth, this shrinkage produced the irregularities on its surface, which appear in the elevations of the land, and the depressions of the ocean-bed. Subsequently, as the thickened crust shrank, it formed corrugations, — the mountain-ranges and table-lands of the earth. At last, as the globe gradually lost its high temperature, the continued shrinking of the crust no longer produced ridges, but dislocations of material; a crushing-down from the surface to the interior. This process is still going on, being the cause of all changes of level, of earthquakes, and of volcanic heat. As the solid crust sinks upon the shrinking interior, the force

expended in the dislocation is transformed into heat, by which, at the places where this force acts with greatest energy, the material of the crushed rock, and of that adjacent to it, is heated to fusion. The access of water to this melted rock produces volcanic eruption.

Mr. Mallet, a European seismologist, is the author of this theory. Having weighed and measured the forces of which he speaks, he tells precisely what proportion of the contracting force, developed by the sinking of the earth's crust, is necessary to produce the volcanic power. A superficial opinion would be, that the contraction of the earth is too slow to cause such stupendous effects as are recognized in the volcano and the earthquake. But he shows, by calculations indisputable, that less than one-fourth of the heat now annually lost by the earth is sufficient to account for the whole annual volcanic action.

It will be noticed that Mr. Mallet's theory is entirely opposed to the ordinary ideas respecting earthquakes and volcanoes. We have been accustomed to believe that these phenomena are caused by an eruptive, outbursting power residing in the earth's interior. We shall now have to consider them as due to the sinking and shrinkage of the earth's exterior. The shriveled skin of a withered apple affords an apt representation of the corrugated surface of our earth; and, according to the new theory, the shriveling of such a skin is precisely analogous to the process at work upon the earth when the mountain-ranges were forming. Mountains have not been pushed up; but valleys have sunk.

And, in another respect, this new theory tends to modify opinions which have been recently entertained. Eminent geologists have taught that the earth's internal forces

may be as active now as they were in the epoch when these mountain-ranges were formed. But this new theory tends to show that the volcanic energy of the earth is a declining force. Its chief action had already been exerted when mountains began to be formed: what remains now is but the minutest fraction of the volcanic energy of the mountain-forming era; and each year, as the earth parts with more and more of its internal heat, the sources of subterranean energy are more and more exhausted.

The great, dead volcanoes of the Hawaiian Islands — Waialeale, Haleakala, Hualali, Mauna Kea — corroborate this theory. Even the spasmodic crater of Mauna Loa adds confirmation to it.

Eruptions from the craters of Mauna Loa have occasionally extended the circumference of the Island of Hawaii.

This occurred in 1840, when, for three

weeks, a flood of lava poured out of the mountain, and running forty miles, sweeping away forests and plantations, leaped into the sea over precipices fifty feet high. The coast was pushed out a quarter of a mile, a sand-beach and new cape were made, and sand-hills two hundred feet high erected near the shore. During several months in 1855, the mountain poured out lava, which, shaping itself into an impetuous river, seventy miles long, from one to five miles wide, from ten to one hundred feet deep, plunged into the sea as before. In 1859, the mountain again threw out streams of lava, which uniting, and cutting a deep canal through the soil more than fifty feet wide, ran nearly sixty miles in three days, and debouched into the sea. And again, in 1868, after a long succession of earthquakes, and ejections of mud and hot water, the lava burst forth, and flowing upon the grazing-plains below, consuming houses, trees, and

cattle, ran into the sea, where it pushed up a conical island, nearly a mile from the shore, which it joined to the mainland.

Nine lesser eruptions have occurred on Hawaii since these islands have been occupied by white people, all but one coming from the craters of Mauna Loa, — namely; 1789, an eruption from the crater Kilauea, discharging ashes and stones; 1801, an eruption from Hualali, from a crater now visible on the western side of the mountain, about six miles from the shore; 1823, an overflow of lava from Kilauea, running twelve miles into the sea; 1832, an eruption in Kilauea, and also in the summit crater Monaweoweo; 1840, an overflow of lava from Kilauea, running down to the sea; 1843, a small eruption near the summit of Mauna Loa, running a few miles, when it ceased; 1852, another eruption from near the same source as in 1843, continuing only twenty-four hours. But two

days after this, a large eruption of lava burst forth from the side of the mountain opposite Hilo, at a point 10,000 feet above the sea, and flowed during thirty days over a distance of thirty miles, but did not reach the sea. 1872, an eruption within the crater Monaweoweo.

Simultaneously with the eruption in August, 1872, the sea receded, and returned in a "tidal wave" all along the islands. In Honolulu harbor, at noon, August 23d, the sudden receding of the sea left the harbor reef bare, frightening the natives, fishing, and driving them, in alarm, to the shore. In ten minutes, the sea returned to its full hight. From noon to half-past one o'clock, five distinct waves entered and left the harbor, each less in hight than the previous, but showing a range, by the tide register, of twelve to fifteen inches. The same phenomena occurred at the same hour in other harbors of the group.

These tidal waves usually accompany volcanic action in Mauna Loa. Two were observed at Honolulu in April, 1868, when the earthquake and eruption at Kau occurred. These waves at that time ran with great force upon the entire coast of Hawaii. On the south-eastern shore, the sea rose ten or twelve feet, then receded eighteen feet below low-water mark, then suddenly returned in a tremendous wave which swept over the tops of cocoanut-trees, destroying houses, trees, cattle, and lives. The sea rose and fell eight times, each following wave having diminished force.

An enthusiastic Polish traveler, frequently quoted, visited the craters of Mauna Loa in 1838, and printed the following opinion:

"It is only to those millions of vents all around the crater of Kilauea, through which the superabundance of steam escapes, to the millions of fissures through which the sulphurous and sulphuric acids

liberate themselves from beneath, that the preservation of Hawaii from utter destruction, by the expansive force of steam and gases, can be ascribed."

The theory was once held by astronomers, that, by volcanic force, the earth might, at some time, explode like a bomb-shell, and the scattered fragments form a ring of meteoric bodies, resembling the zone of asteroids through which the earth passes on its orbit around the sun. The traveler I have quoted evidently held that opinion. If there ever was any probability of such an ignominious collapse of creation, it has long since passed away; and the Island of Hawaii will continue to lift up its head 14,000 feet above the Pacific Ocean, long after those "millions of vents" and "millions of fissures" have become closed by the gradual exhaustion of the earth's volcanic power.

Probably no other part of the world presents such interesting remains of volcan-

ic action as are to be seen on the Hawaiian islands. The theory of creation held by the ancient islanders taught that all things originated in a state of night. They believed that their islands had been subject to volcanic fires through all time, from that creative period; for they described them as burning "*mai ke po mai*," from the state of night until now. It may therefore be supposed that the volcanic fires were blazing long before any human beings existed here. Their unmistakable remains now meet the traveler's eye everywhere.

The Island of Oahu seems to be the oldest of the group in its formation, as it is the oldest in the perfection of its civilized conveniencies. It is the only island on which the traveler finds good carriages to travel in, and good roads to travel upon. Whichever way these roads tend, — whether along the shore of the sea, or into the green valleys; over bleak,

cactus-covered fields, or through shady dingles, where a mountain-stream is singing its quiet tune, — many evidences are to be seen of a terrible volcanic power, long since exhausted. By the roadside and in the fields, there are walls piled with brown, porous stones which have been flecked by fire. These stones cover the red commons, from which winds have stripped the sods. Some of them are gray with age; some have been split by the sun and rain; all show that they have passed through the furnace. Between them flowering nettles are growing, and thorny bushes, bearing yellow blossoms. Fused volcanic rocks shoulder up in solid precipices out of rich green slopes, on which cattle are now grazing. They peep up in ridges under the ferns, on the hillsides. The road we are traveling is underlaid with them, and has been so hardened by pulverized lava, that our wheels leave only a faint track on it.

A pleasant road leads north from Honolulu, up the Nuanu Valley, which, near the town, is lined by cottages and gardens. Three miles out, a brawling stream comes down a little ravine, abounding in ferns and mosses, and, gathering itself into a clear pool, — once the bathing-place of an Hawaiian queen, — slides, like a silver ribbon, over a volcanic cliff one hundred feet high. Here the volcanic mountains are close around us, their sides covered with woods, their sharp summits inaccessible. The road now rises to steeper ascents, and, three miles farther on, terminates suddenly at the brink of a volcanic precipice called the Pali, 1,200 feet above the sea-level, where we are surprised by a wonderful landscape.

From this elevation we look around upon a large amphitheater of black cliffs and green mountains, and down upon a bright circular plain, covered with verdure, extending from the foot of the preci-

pice across to the distant sea. The white houses of sugar-plantations are in the view, and scattered cottages, and cane-fields distinguishable by their shades of green, and ruins of thatched huts (the native owners dead), and clumps of trees, and herds of cattle, like moving spots, and brown roads and bridle-paths, winding hither and thither. On the distant seashore are salt-banks, and rocky, cone-shaped islets, once volcanic craters, and white shoals, that break the surf which the northern wind rolls in.

While we are looking down upon this broad, enchanting landscape, clouds run their shadows across it; or passing showers span it with rainbows; and gray mists fall upon it, only to be folded away by the brisk trade-wind. All this peaceful valley shows marks of its volcanic origin, not only in these mountainous walls of lava-rock which surround it, but in those conical hills that rise everywhere out of it, once serv-

ing as chimneys to subterranean fires. Probably, in the ancient days it was the bed of a great volcano, melted down, and flowing into the sea.

In other places the road we are following enters directly into an old crater, or within the foundation-walls of a fused volcano, now covered with verdure. We can not be deceived about it; for these volcanic remains are more complete and distinct than the vestiges of any architectural ruin that ever interested an antiquarian. The road winds down to the floor of the crater, or climbs half-way up, and along its inner slopes; while, from above, the wrinkled walls of volcanic stone frown upon us. And we look upon those walls with the belief that there was an epoch when they stood there hissing, crackling, and exploding in a red-heat. Time has not yet been able to abrade the grotesque scars of fire that cover them all over.

My favorite ride has been, with a companion, to one of these irregular craters, which we strayed into, about five miles west of Honolulu, where we have found a pleasure in studying the contrast between the scene that now is and that once was presented here. Through its bottom, for a mile or so, runs a little stream. It is hedged here and there by bushes, and on rainy days becomes an ambitious torrent. On the edge of a rising embankment, above the stream, is the carriage-road; which, in places, is shaded from the early sun by the steep walls of the crater that rise behind grassy banks. As the road ascends and curves, it opens to view an expanse of the crater floor; and there, below us, as we ride along, is a cattle-farm. Horses and cows are wandering over the slopes and in the ravines, searching for pasture; or, standing in the pools of the brook, they stare up at our strange car-

riage. Sleepy oxen are lying under a large algaroba-tree, near Yankee-looking ox-carts. Cocoanut-trees, mango-trees, cattle-yards, lazy natives, straggling fences, a white cottage with verandas and many outhouses, a distant view of fields and herds through an opening, make a pleasing picture of quiet life in the bottom of a dead volcano.

The road continues to rise until all this picturesque scene lies far below us. At last it turns over the edge of the crater, and, extending down a long declivity, crosses a plain, on which we discover the settlement of Halawa, and the white chimney and walls of a sugar-mill. Thence it stretches its winding way over the hills, beyond our sight, toward Waimea.

Turning about now on the summit, we have before us a commanding view of Honolulu, six miles away. It is a beautiful panorama; and the refreshing breeze which is

always crossing this summit makes us tarry long to enjoy it. We can see the towers and steeples of the town, rising above the embowering trees. We can see the skeleton masts of its shipping, and the long-curving lines of surf breaking on the harbor reefs, and that broad, blue expanse of ocean, on which it is never tiresome to gaze. We can see the volcanic mountains that rise behind the town, and the plains stretching beyond it, and, more conspicuous than all, those two solemn craters for ever looking down upon it, carrying our imagination back to that primeval night, when these islands arose from the ocean, smoking with volcanic fires.

A Political Election.

ONCE in two years, in the month of February, the voters of Honolulu have the privilege of electing four men to represent them in the parliament, which meets in April.

According to the constitution, the parliament consists of a house of nobles, — not exceeding twenty in number, appointed by the king for life, — and of a house of representatives elected by the people; the number being apportioned according to the population, by census, but not less than twenty, nor more than forty.

A representative must not be insane; must be twenty-one years old; must know

reading, writing, and arithmetic; must have resided within the kingdom three years; must be worth five hundred dollars in unincumbered real estate, or be possessed of an annual income of two hundred and fifty dollars, derived from property or lawful employment.

A voter must take the oath of allegiance, must know how to read and to write, must pay his taxes, and must have an income of seventy-five dollars a year. But it is very doubtful if all the Hawaiians who cast ballots on election day can read and write, or have a cash revenue of seventy-five dollars annually.

Formerly the natives were interested in the election. They called their representative, *luna wehe pilikia*, or the burden-bearer; considering his duty to be to lift from them the burden of their taxes. It was their duty to supply him with endless petitions praying that their dogs and their

horses may be taxed no more; that they may be discharged from the road-tax, the school-tax, the poll-tax, and every other tax which the necessities of government imposed upon them. Laziness favors free living.

Long before sunrise, on election morning, it is evident that a public excitement is at hand. Cascades of Chinese firecrackers are rattling in the streets, arousing the dogs of the kingdom, who immediately commence barking a jubilee overture to the day. Twenty-one candidates are running for the four offices. Horsemen are galloping away from the printing-shop, with ballots and posters, to rally the Democracy to struggle for their rights, which consist in resolutions to reduce the king's salary, to expel the king's ministers, to abolish the taxes, and to take the offices of government for themselves and their friends. Bands of music parade the streets

in lumbering wagons; and important announcements are frequently pasted upon the corners. All the ballots are deposited in one box, at the court-house. Here stump-speeches are made without cessation. A nervous Hawaiian orator implores his kindred to vote for the government candidates.

"No!" says an opposition orator, who follows, "that man is *hoopilimeaai*, a sycophant, a time-server, a parasite! He has got some lumber to sell to the government. What has this government done for you? It builds hotels for strangers with your money; but it never reduces your taxes. Besides, did he not propose once, that each representative should be furnished with a pocket-knife out of the treasury?"

Now a neutral patriot harangues the voters. He beseeches all candidates to vote for a law prohibiting the Hawaiians

from selling their *kuleana*, their homestead lands, to the whites for twenty years to come. He says, —

"The white men are buying all our lands. When our lands are gone, where will the kanaka go? To the sun? to the moon? Get out! That man says the law will be unconstitutional. I say any law is constitutional. What is our constitution? It is full of holes, just like that sieve at the reservoir, where the water comes through. One man made it: one man can break it."

Then one of the candidates mounts the rostrum. He gives his name, and announces himself to be "the lion of the East, come to this Babylon to relieve the burdens of the people. Elect me to your legislature! Your taxes shall be reduced. If they are not reduced, you shall give me a thrashing!"

He states his intention, if elected, to vote to reduce the salaries of ministers.

judges, and all other officers; to sell the government lands to natives only; to abolish the tax on dogs; to have no bank-notes, unless they are printed on pig-skins, which will not wear out; to permit natives to use intoxicating drinks in public, or else to forbid the white people from doing so; to abolish the coolie system of slavery on the sugar-plantations; to prevent the cabinet ministers from spending the public money without authority.

And his platform comprises all that there is of politics in this little kingdom. It is much ado about nothing, — a tempest in a teapot.

THE GALA DAY IN HONOLULU.

THE parliament of paradise meets in Honolulu, on the last day of April in each alternate year. Its meeting is an event which astonishes the natives, and gives the white people an opportunity to air their well-preserved fashions in the splendor of a royal court.

A stranger can see that something unusual is at hand, from the street-sights. National, consular, and society flags are flying from the hundred flag-staffs which adorn the city. Natives dressed in clean cottons, their hair sleek with cocoanut-oil, their heads adorned with strings of yellow mimosa-blossoms, are shuffling along the sidewalks, and, mounted on shying ponies,

are loping through the streets. I encounter men in uniforms rushing furiously toward the palace. Sauntering along the street, under an umbrella, to shield me from the tropical sun, I meet white women in black silks, and yellow women in white muslins, wending their way to the court-house, — a large, square, coral building on Fort Street. Its second story is the legislative hall until new parliament buildings are completed. At other times, it is the chamber of the supreme court of the kingdom: its northern windows, admitting the trade-wind, and its southern windows, looking off upon the sea, make a place for cool reflections.

Spectators, admitted by tickets, occupy seats in the center of the hall, — the whites in front, the natives in rear. In this throng I recognize the oldest missionary, and the latest invalid, from the States; and between these extremes, I see represented

all the gossip and fashion of Honolulu. In front are seated the nobles and representatives comprising the legislature, — a curious mixture of Hawaiian and Anglo-Saxon men, of which the Hawaiians are decidedly the best looking. On the right of the rostrum are seated the "ladies of the court," most of them Yankee girls once. On the left sits the black-clothed minister of the United States, the British and French Commissioners, the officers of the British frigate "Scout," — now in port, — and the consular corps, all in gold lace, gilt buttons, swords, and whatever else adds pomp and circumstance to the occasion. There is an apothecary, consul for Austria, a whalemen's agent, consul for Italy, an auctioneer, consul for Chili, who, although a Protestant Yankee, shuts his shop, and sets his consular flag at half-mast, on Good Friday.

At twelve o'clock exactly, the king

leaves the Iolani Palace on King Street; and a salute is commenced at the battery on Punchbowl Hill. In company with his chamberlain, — a white man, — he enters a barouche drawn by four horses, and is escorted by his staff on horseback, and by the Hawaiian army, which consists of two companies of natives with a company of whites sandwiched between them.

Now the procession has turned from King Street into Fort Street; for we who are waiting in the hall can hear the band playing its favorite air, — "Ten thousand miles away," — which has aroused the town from sleep many a morning lately. Soon we hear the strains of "God save the King," expressed with an extra quantity of base-drum, and we know that the king is alighting from his carriage in front of the court-house.

In a few minutes the marshal of the kingdom enters, and throws over the

chair of state the royal mantle, or *mamo*. This is one of the treasures of the crown. It was the war-cloak of Kamehameha I., made of bright yellow feathers taken from a bird called the *mamo*, which was found only in the mountains. As each bird furnished but two feathers for it, one from under each wing, the birds required to supply the material were innumerable. It is four feet long, and spreads eleven and a half feet at the bottom. Nine generations of chiefs were occupied in making it. Of course, everybody looks at this historical mantle with interest; but not long; for now there enter four native men, in dark broadcloth over-coats and capes, and black silk hats of stovepipe style, bearing the royal *kalihis*, — emblems of the royal presence. These are long staffs, whose upper part, for two or three feet from the top, is covered with brilliant bird-feathers of various colors, fixed at right angles to it,

looking like a gay chimney-sweep's brush, or a costly swab for a large spout. These four men, hats on, *kalihis* erect, stand at the four corners of the rostrum ; when now enters the chancellor, head of the Supreme Court of the kingdom (a New-England born gentleman); then the king, Kamehameha V.; then, at a respectful interval, the ministers and staff officers, — all white men in brilliant uniforms.

I can not repress a smile at the appearance of these civilized men, caparisoned with barbaric glory! There is our American-born banker, a scarlet ribbon around his neck, from which hangs the sparkling insignia of Hawaiian knighthood. There is the little minister of finance, an excellent American-born dentist. There is the tall, scheming minister of foreign affairs, also minister of the navy that is yet to be, and of war not yet declared, once an American lawyer. There is the dignified

minister of the interior, general manager and police supervisor of the kingdom, once a crusty Scotch physician. There is the attorney-general of the crown, who recently went to New England, and married a wife. All these are in cocked hats and blue broadcloth, brilliant with gilt bands, laces, and decorations; their rapiers buckled at their sides, and they themselves appearing to be very uncomfortable!

When the king enters the hall, the audience rises, and every eye is turned upon him. He looks like a king; large, tall, broad-shouldered, dignified, portly, self-possessed. He is faultlessly attired in a blue dress-coat with gilt buttons, black trowsers, white vest, and white kid gloves. He walks deliberately to the chair, like a man who understands what is expected of him. After a prayer in Hawaiian, by the archdeacon of the Episcopal church, the assembly rises to its feet while the king stands up, and reads

from a page, in a velvet folio, his speech to the legislature, in the Hawaiian tongue. Then he turns the page, and reads the same in English. When he opens his mouth and speaks, my illusion of royalty vanishes. So it is often with a stranger, who, before speaking, has made a favorable impression. The first word uttered reveals something that either confirms or dispels the favorable opinion. The king's voice is small, scanty, indistinct, not at all the voice of the king he appears to be.

He congratulates the legislature on the permanent establishment of steam communication between the islands and California, and the Australian colonies, considering the money devoted to that object as wisely expended. He says that agriculture is the life of the nation, and has repaid those who have pursued it during the past two years; that, since their adjourn-

ment, he has signed a treaty of amity and commerce with the Emperor of Japan; that the proposed treaty of reciprocity with the United States has not been ratified. He informs them of the death of Queen Kalama, wife of Kamehameha III., and with the customary generalities about education, justice, peace, and prosperity, he concludes with the words, "We do now declare the legislature of the kingdom opened," — "*Ke kukala ia ku nei ua weheia keia Ahaolelo Kau Kanawai o ke Aupuni.*"

Then he retires to an adjoining room, where he receives the congratulations of those who have a right to give them. Entering his carriage, he is driven at full speed to the palace; the natives crowding along the sidewalks after him, saying to each other, "*Ka moi! ka moi!*" — "The king, the king!" and his four *kalihi*-bearers running by the side of the carriage, each one

trying to keep his place by the wheel. The staff-officers gallop pell-mell after him; the immense army marches leisurely back to its quarters, following the noisy band; and the legislature adjourns until the morrow.

THE HAWAIIAN CIVILIZATION.

WHETHER the Hawaiians are civilized or not are questions of fact which are not answered by any histories that relate the progress of missionary or commercial enterprises in the islands. That religious teachings, and intercourse with the white people, have generally improved the Hawaiian race, no one will deny But the moral and physical condition of the natives, which I have already portrayed, shows that there is yet great room for their improvement.

If we now turn to the Hawaiian parliament, we shall receive more knowledge on this question. This parliament is a very

busy body, meeting biennially, at an expense of fifteen thousand dollars to the country, and sometimes demanding of its members three months' labor for two hundred and fifty dollars' pay. The business is that which engrosses decaying families all the world over, — trying to make both ends meet; for royalty is an expensive luxury in this kingdom, whose entire income during the past two years was only nine hundred and twelve thousand dollars, or four hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars a year; while its annual expenditure was four hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars.

This body is now (1872) composed of twenty-eight representatives (of which seven are whites) and fourteen nobles (of which six are whites). Both classes sit, discuss, and vote together; making the political anomaly of two houses in one.

The nobles are naturally a unit in their

opinions. From the native representatives, they can influence a number sufficient to make a majority on questions in which the government is interested. They are aristocratic in their tendencies, since they receive all their favors from the king.

This system of government is constructed like the coral archipelagoes of the neighboring ocean; and, if the constructing power were as inexhaustible as the coral insects are, it would endure as long.

There is a central island encircled by a quiet lagoon, in whose clear waters can be seen beautiful shells, white and pink coral shrubs, and a brilliant world of marine life, —

> "A coral grove,
> Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,
> Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
> That never were wet with falling dew."

Around this lagoon stretches a barrier-reef, with one opening through which the tides ebb and flow; while outside of all heaves

the long swell and restless surge of the Pacific Ocean. On this central island, fanned by the plumy tufts of cocoanut-palms, stands the royal throne of Hawaii. The nobles are the barrier-reef; on one side enjoying the beauties and luxuries of the lagoon, on the other side breaking the democratic surge which rolls against it, and occasionally rises high enough to plunge over the barrier, run across the lagoon, and dash the spray upon his Majesty.

Let us enter into parliament. The president is one of the nobles, — a dignified, gray-haired Hawaiian, who is entitled to be called "his Excellency." The vice-president is of American descent: so is the interpreter, the sergeant-at-arms, and the messenger; also that man sitting in front, and below the president, dressed in broadcloth, with short gray hair, and a shirt-collar like a picket-fence, who is the perennial secretary of parliament, and well known as

a rapid pedestrian, even in this warm climate. Yonder is a fine-looking native, large, tall, with a Roman nose, and an intelligent expression of countenance. It is his Highness, Prince William C. Lunalilo, heir to the throne. Native members are constantly hitting him by offering resolutions declaring that no one who gets drunk shall hold a government office, or that no member of the legislature who drinks rum shall receive his two hundred and fifty dollars' salary. The prince has my sympathy when he rises and moves to reject these resolutions, because, as he says, "all men are prone to err."

The business of parliament is planned by the ministry. The speeches are made in English and Hawaiian, translated by an oratorical interpreter. The white members do most of the talking. To them the session is the opening of a valve which has been locked for two years; and now the opened

valve blows off its accumulated vapors daily. As the English language can not express all the ideas begotten to the white people under this tropical sun, they interpolate their speeches with native words; the favorite word being *pilikia*, a perplexity, a trouble, a dilemma, a hardship, a difficulty. The native members speak in their own language, but are generally silent except when horses, dogs, or intoxicating liquors are discussed. The resolutions which they offer will help the curious to understand the capacity of the Hawaiian race for political government. The following examples of their ideas are from the journal of parliament, session of 1872: —

Resolved,

— That the house present its compliments to the editor of the Kuokoa newspaper for his sarcasms.

— That no one shall hold a government office who keeps a mistress, or gets drunk.

— That his Majesty's ministers be impeached for

building a hotel, and that the ministers conduct the members of the assembly through it.

— That Hawaiian doctors be allowed to practice without restriction.

— That persons afflicted with leprosy be allowed to live with their families.

— That the sergeant-at-arms provide lunch every day at an Hawaiian restaurant; to be paid for out of the treasury.

— That no member of this assembly shall be made a tax-collector or assessor, as it interferes with his independence.

— That the doctors of Honolulu hold themselves in readiness to care for the members of this assembly in case of sickness.

— That the motive of an honorable member in vacating his seat for three days be investigated.

— That the sergeant-at-arms furnish Hawaiian articles of food for lunches.

— That the assembly lunch at the new hotel, and pay for it out of the treasury.

Now the minister of the interior, an autocratic white man, turns upon his native colleagues, and scolds them for their incapacity to legislate: —

"I feel very much ashamed of the members of this house. It appears to me that you have occupied most of your time in discussing what you shall have for lunch, and where you shall have it. I am astonished to see how recklessly you spend the public money, and that for things you have no right to! At the same time, you are continually crying out for reduction of expenses, and telling about the *pilikias* of your constituents. I don't think the country gets any value for your services here, and you would not be missed if you went home."

Of course, nothing more is said about lunches for the members of parliament.

Numerous petitions are sent to the legislature by the native population; for instance, —

— To reduce the salaries of the king, ministers, and all government officers.

— That parents having more than four children be exempt from the school-tax.

— That all taxes on the natives be abolished.

— That the government no longer support English schools.

— That employers be made to give their sick laborers tea, bread, and warm food.

— That no money be paid for government printing, or for newspapers.

— That natives have the same privileges as the white people in buying and drinking spirituous liquors.

These petitions for abatement of taxes indicate that the Hawaiians are a nation of paupers. Many of the signatures are made with "his × mark;" for all these politicians can not read or write. Most of the petitions pray that the taxes may be reduced on horses and dogs. These animals being always in the legislative field, are the standard subjects of law and finance.

The minister of finance now rises, and tells the house that the horse law of 1870, exempting from taxation "all horses, male or female, under two years old," has caused a loss to the treasury of $7,021.37 during the two years past; for the native horses are always under two years old.

The minister also says that "the dog-

tax has increased $6,841.40. This is attributable to the use of metallic tags, although many worthless dogs in the towns have been destroyed by the constables." Then, dilating upon the difficulty which an untaxed dog has to escape detection under the law, he exclaims, "God save the king!" as if all the taxed and untaxed dogs in the kingdom were about to rush in a yelping pack upon that Majesty which they support.

The existence of the Hawaiian kingdom depends upon the dogs. Notice the fervor of the native members when they discuss the question of giving to the untaxed dog, caught without the government tag fastened to his neck, twenty-four hours to prepare for death.

Mr. Kaukaha wants the people to have time to get their tax receipts, or a dog-tag, in case the tag should not be on the dog. Now the dog is killed the

moment he is seen without a tag, which is barbarous to the dog.

Mr. Kupakee thinks there ought to be a stated time in which the dogs can not be molested. The dogs ought to have a fair chance to live, or pay.

Mr. Komoikehuehu says the whole dog-tax ought to be abolished. It is an outrage on the people, and on the dogs also. It is an outrage on our own civilization!

Mr. Kikalemi is opposed to the dog-law every way. It is a great injustice. It is an evil-working law among the people, as well as among the dogs. He proposes to have the dogs branded free by the government, instead of tagged for ten cents.

The poor Hawaiian dog, pedestal of a kingdom! See how he runs when he spies the royal tax-collector coming down the road! — runs for his life, if he has lost that ten cent metallic tag, his badge of citizenship, his contribution to royalty; runs, because his royal government will knock him on the head, dead, "a worthless dog destroyed by the constables."

The ancient prophets, in their visions, united the faces of animals to the bodies of men. They did not deem the union unworthy of the one or of the other. It was the spirit acting in the animal that they were thinking of. And, if a noble dog is "worthless," is his Hawaiian master any less so? Is his life animated by any nobler impulses than those which the dog possesses?

The poll-tax, which is levied upon all men between the ages of seventeen and sixty years, whether subjects or aliens, is like other taxes, obnoxious to the natives. The poll-tax is one dollar, the road-tax two dollars, the school-tax two dollars; making a personal tax of five dollars annually. Thirty years ago, there were but two taxes to support the kingdom,—a poll-tax, paid in money; and a property-tax, paid in swine. Men were then taxed one dollar, women fifty cents, boys twenty-five cents, girls

twelve and a half cents. The question now before the house is to reduce the poll-tax from one dollar to fifty cents. On this question the white members speak.

Mr. Carter (representative) says, "This tax is a great wrong. It is very difficult for the native in the outside districts to earn five dollars for the tax-collector. There are, at least, three thousand personsl in this kingdom who pay into the treasury the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, for which they have no equivalent in representation. This is not just."

Mr. Judd (representative) says, "The principle of special taxation is wrong in this country, where there are no municipal governments for the towns. I desire to see the poll-tax abolished. The natives are not rich enough to pay it. I do not know of an Hawaiian who started even with the world, and has come out ahead. The exceptions, if any, are members of this house. Natives ought to be looked upon and treated differently from members of the Anglo-Saxon race."

Mr. Bishop (noble) says, "It seems to me from the remarks, that every thing in this kingdom is in a state of *pilikia*. A stranger, on hearing the remarks

made by representatives in this house on the tax question, would be likely to conclude that we are representing a nation of paupers."

The minister of finance (noble) says, "These people are not so *pilikia* that they can not raise one dollar per annum. The tax is small, and ought not to be decreased. Can any one be so *pilikia* as to be oppressed by this tax? The house has for three days debated this reduction of fifty cents; and what is the amount of this waste of time? Fifty cents is not even the price of a brace of chickens; and we are disupting whether the people shall be relieved to the extent of one chicken per annum!"

The parliamentary debates give an insight to the condition and character of the Hawaiian people, which is not furnished by any published histories.

A native who presented his credentials as a member-elect had his seat contested because he did not possess the necessary property-qualifications, — real estate worth five hundred dollars, or an annual income of two hundred and fifty dollars from prop-

erty or lawful employment. The committee found that he had no real estate, and was taxed for only three horses. But he had been pastor of a church five years, receiving an average salary of a hundred dollars a year, also rent of his hut, and food for his family, which was composed of fourteen persons, — his wife's relations, probably. Their food was a keg of poi each week, worth three dollars a keg, or a hundred and fifty dollars a year, which, with his salary, made an annual income of two hundred and fifty dollars — within the meaning of the Constitution. It would be difficult to find many kanakas as rich as this poor man.

There can be no mistake in regard to the size of the Hawaiian kingdom, except when the minister of finance offers the appropriation bill. There we find a money machinery large enough for five million subjects. The salaries called for amount to

more than fifty per cent of the entire income. The king is paid $22,500 a year, and $2,500 for his chamberlain; Queen Emma receives $6,000 a year; the ministers $5,000; the chief justice $5,000; the associate justices $4,000; the postmaster $5,000; and so on. The royal whistle is very large and expensive.

During the years 1870 and 1871 the direct taxes collected amounted to $216,000. Of this, the dogs paid $22,275; the horses, $59,140; the men, $27,381.

Licenses to trade produce nearly $50,000 a year. A retail rumseller pays $1,000, and a wholesale rumseller pays $250, each year for a license to do business. The opium license was sold at auction in May, 1872, for $21,000. It gives to the purchaser an exclusive right to sell opium in the kingdom for one year, — to increase the moral and physical corruption of the people in consideration of that sum paid into the treasury.

The civil code prohibits the selling of spirituous liquors to natives; but the law is generally disregarded. A bill to repeal it was introduced in parliament; and Mr. Kalakaua (a noble) advocated it as the restoration of the civil rights, liberty, and freedom of the Hawaiian people, which had been taken from them. He said, —

"The restrictions imposed by this law do the people no good, but rather harm; for, instead of inculcating the principles of honor, they teach them to steal behind the bar, the stable, and the closet, where they may be sheltered from the eyes of the law. The heavy license imposed on the liquor-dealers, and the prohibition against selling to the natives, are an infringement upon our civil rights, binding not only the purchaser, but the dealer, against acquiring and possessing property. Then, Mr. President, I ask, Where lies virtue? where lies justice? Not in those that bind the liberty of this people by refusing them the privilege that they now crave, — of drinking spirituous liquors without restriction. Will you, by persisting that this law remain in force, make us a nation of

hypocrites? or will you repeal it, that honor and virtue may for once be yours, O Hawaii?"

A committee of parliament, of which the chairman was Mr. J. O. Carter of Honolulu, reporting on the question to extend the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks to all classes, said, —

"Experience teaches that such prohibition could not be enforced without a strong public sentiment to indorse it; and such a sentiment does not prevail in this community, as is evidenced by the fact that the sale of intoxicating drinks to natives is largely practiced in defiance of law and the executive; and that the manufacture of intoxicating drinks, although prohibited, is carried on in every district of the kingdom."

The same committee reported, on prohibiting the sale of *awa*, an intoxicating narcotic used by all natives: —

"That such prohibition is not practicable, unless its growth and cultivation is prevented. So long as public sentiment permits the open violation of the existing laws regulating its sale, without rebuke, so long it will be of little use to attempt prohibition."

I may now ask, What does the Hawaiian civilization amount to?

There is an abundance of documentary civilization here. There is a constitution, written in English, which the kingdom has presented as its card of admission to the civilized society of the world. There is a throne surrounded by white ministers. There are laws made by white people; courts with white judges and white attorneys. There are church organizations under Anglo-Saxon management. There is also an Hawaiian evangelical association; a board of missions, interested, like Mrs. Jellyby, in swarms of heathen who are thousands of miles away in the South Seas. And even this organization is Anglo-Saxon, numbering fourteen white men to eight natives. But all these forms of civilization are exotic. They belong to the white people alone. With them, the mass of the Hawaiians have little or nothing to do.

What, then, is the Hawaiian civilization? Is it any thing better than a condensation of animal aims and instincts? Is it any thing more than rum and opium and awa, lawfully drunk? and superstition and sloth lawfully tolerated; increasing crime as the population decreases? Is it any thing else than the means by which a colony of white people, who have sworn allegiance, and are paying adulation, to a barbaric throne, may support themselves out of taxes imposed upon the islanders?

The Rev. Mr. Bishop delivered an address to children of American parents at Honolulu, June 15, 1872, in which he congratulated them that they had been strictly secluded in childhood from all intercourse with the natives. Said he, —

"None know or can conceive, without personal observation, the nameless taint that pervades the whole garrulous talk and gregarious life of all heathen people, and above which our poor Hawaiian friends have not yet risen."

No! The Hawaiians, as a people, have not yet risen above heathenism. The white people are the only civilized people in the Hawaiian kingdom.

Society in Honolulu.

If the white people of Honolulu met only when they had something to say, there could be no social life here. Conversational themes are not abundant. There are no politics, tariffs, stocks, crops, operas, nor public sensations. Even fashions and the weather present little variety as talkable topics. The resident soon becomes indifferent to those events and opinions which interest the mind of larger and more active communities, of which reports drift over from the continent once a month; and little is to be found for the mind to feed upon, except gossip and good stories.

In the course of these indolent days,

every beau and belle, every matron and maid, has been measured, weighed, appraised, and set in place in the social circle. There they remain, the same to each other every day; promising, like some established medicines, to be good for all time.

And yet there is much warm social life in Honolulu. Men and women from all nations form the social community; and I often wonder by what chances and accidents so many of them were drifted to this little island which has become their home.

People of American birth are numerous in this society. Missionary and mercantile business brought them here at first. Relatives followed from the New-England states. Nantucket and New-Bedford whalemen were stranded here. Intermarriages were made, business-connections established; and although an exile from New England has occasionally returned, with wealth, to that

inhospitable climate, the larger number have never thought of going back. They talk about the east, and sometimes plan an excursion to visit those distant scenes of their youth; but Honolulu is their home, and they cannot make another elsewhere. Like the lotos-eaters, —

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of fatherland:
Then some one said, 'We will return no more;'
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave: we will no longer roam.'"

There are also English and German families in Honolulu society. These are inclined to make inside circles of their own; and it is owing to this spirit that the English and German clubs are the only institutions of the kind in the city which have survived disaster.

The sentiment of Honolulu society is the sentiment of the songs which Dora

sang to David Copperfield, — "generally to the effect, that, whatever was the matter, we ought always to dance." An entertainment of dancing brings society together at short notice. Then it is pleasing to see with what enjoyment both white and yellow Honolulu trips its light fantastic toe; whether the occasion be the reception of the officers of a frigate, the christening of a new hotel, a fire-company's jubilee, the marriage of a belle, or the birthday anniversary of your host, who commences it with a picnic in the country, and ends it with an exhaustive dance in town.

A king at hand must be the leader of society. Next is the Queen-Dowager Emma, who sometimes summons society to dance at her pleasant cottage in the valley, called by the everlasting name of Hanaiakamalama. Next are the cabinet ministers. Then come the chief-justice, and the foreign representatives, — all hospitable to

society. Nor must I forget the governor, of American birth, married to a native woman. He has a salary, a uniform, a staff, and is entitled to be called his Excellency. When a white man marries the right kind of a native woman, he is a candidate for public honors and perquisites, and becomes one of the photographic celebrities of the kingdom, — sold to strangers at twenty-five cents each. But, as honors and emoluments are limited in number, let no crowd of bachelors migrate to Honolulu, expecting to lounge through this tropical life on an Hawaiian sinecure !

Dancing does not engross every thought of Honolulu society. There are strawberry festivals for sabbath schools, gifts to the needy, cordial receptions to travelers, sewing-bees, tableaux, and cribbage.

Church services on Sunday are held in the morning and evening only. Society goes to church, and generally avoids the

theater, which is called the "Royal Hawaiian Theater;" but there is no royalty in its style or appointments. Its brilliant nights disclose empty boxes; for nothing better than "the lean and slippered pantaloon" struts its stage, except vulgar dancing-women, passing between California and Australia, who find no profit in dancing before Honolulu society. This theater stands on a street-corner, pleasantly embowered in tropical trees, over which run sweet-scented Mexican creepers. Under this shade I often tarry to smell the fragrant air. Its pleasant surroundings indicate the taste of its proprietor,—a long-ago exile from New England, an enthusiastic botanist, whose principal care is the king's flower-garden.

On the arrival of a ship-of-war at Honolulu, the officers are presented to the king, at the palace, at noonday; when the sunlight glistens with best effect upon the

resplendent gold of scabbards, buttons, epaulets, and laces. The visit is soon returned by the king, attended by his staff and cabinet, by the governor and his staff, and the judges. The wives also must go; for good wines are sometimes in the locker of a foreign frigate, and good dancers in her ward-room. The frigate mans her yards, fires the royal salute, gives her guests to eat and to drink, and sends them ashore with noisy courtesies. "The Gazette" publishes the particulars of the excursion in large type, stating that "the occasion was an exceedingly gratifying one to all on board," which nobody doubts. The officers of the ship are now welcome to the hospitalities of society. On a succeeding day, two or three foreign consuls may be seen pulling off quietly in a boat to visit the frigate, take a drink, and receive a salute; after which they return as quietly to their shops, and relate the adventure to lounging listeners.

Unceremonious visiting is universal. I am not surprised when my door is opened, unexpectedly, without a warning knock. Everybody claims to know everybody else. And, if I do not call upon my friends frequently, the painful inference is, that something is the matter with me, and I must be looked after.

What can you do this evening? Go into your neighbor's. His doors are open. The light of his lamps streams out into the veranda, and glimmers through the mango and tamarind trees adown the path to the gate. He is stretched on a bamboo lounge outside; or he is inside, cracking with his heel young centipedes and scorpions on the Chinese carpet of his reception-room; or he is playing cribbage at the table with his wife; or they all have gone to a neighbor's, leaving the house in care of the dog.

The neighbor is glad to see you; for

he must have somebody to talk to beside his own. And when facts have been exhausted, turned over, shaved down, split into pieces, and completely used up, what is there left? "What news?" As if there could be any news on this island in the Pacific, where there is

> "No traveling at all, no locomotion,
> No inkling of the way, no notion,
> 'No go' by land or ocean,
> No mail, no post,
> No news from any foreign coast,
> No Park, no Ring, no afternoon gentility,
> No company, no nobility!"

So it comes about that Honolulu is the paradise of gossips. Here they grow to a very old age, begotten, perhaps, of this idle and unsatisfied life, where

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

At the principal bookstore a bulletin is posted every morning, on which are recorded the news of the city,—arrivals and clearances of sugar-schooners, auction-sales, ships expected, some of which are phantom cruisers; also the latest opinions, rumors, suppositions, expectations, probabilities, afloat in the town; showing how much enterprise there might be in Honolulu society, if the city were connected by telegraph with the rest of the world. But then it would be no longer Honolulu.

Mental life here is not healthy. The mind dozes under the indolent influences of this tropical climate. If it is aroused, it grates like the rusty hinges of a door which has long stood open to the sunshine and the showers. There is no scope for active thought in this isolated existence, and no encouragement for its exercise. For this reason, some who have prospered

here in worldly affairs have taken their wealth, and migrated to a more progressive society, where, as "iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

Sounds and Sights in Honolulu.

HONOLULU ought to be a quiet place, — a solitary city, on a solitary island, in a solitary ocean. At night, having nothing to do, I draw the mosquito-net over my bed, slip in, and fall asleep with the opinion that Honolulu is a very quiet place indeed.

But there are certain inhabitants of Honolulu who never go to sleep. I have seen a large number of dogs and cats about town. Every family keeps one dog; every native family keeps a brace of cats; at least, a brace. Besides these, there are about five thousand cats belonging to the government; that is to

say, they belong to no one else, and are held at large, like the crown lands. All families keep a great many cocks, for cock-fighting is a favorite sport. These are the creatures that are wide awake, and on the alert, when I go to sleep, thinking that Honolulu is a very quiet place.

Chanticleer does not wait long after I have fallen asleep, before he begins to speak for himself. There is a solitary crow ventured under my window: it is repeated; not ringing, like the "cock's shrill clarion" in Gray's Elegy, but boosting itself up into a strained, asthmatic cry, which seems, to my vexed senses, to be some one with an influenza, asking how do I like "Hoo-ner-loo-loo." The question is immediately taken up by a comrade, then by a dozen, then by a thousand comrades. By this time, the dogs open their mouths, as if denying the right of the cocks to make so much noise when a

stranger is in town. Their protest immediately arouses the cats, — all the public and private cats, all the Thomases and Mary Anns, — who hasten to express their prolonged opinions in every vowel sound of the Hawaiian tongue.

It is now impossible for me to sleep. I step out upon the veranda for a relief to my confused senses. The full-faced moon is shining upon the tree-tops, and lighting the mountains and the sea; while the midnight air is filled by a universal chorus of cats, dogs, and roosters, which excels all the paradoxical harmonies of a Boston jubilee.

When there is a lull in this tempestuous serenade, I fall asleep to await the next summons, which comes from the belfry of the Roman-Catholic cathedral, whose noisy bell, long before the dawn, cries aloud like a public nuisance. In a little while, after having mentally condemned

this nuisance, I am startled by another bell, ringing, "All aboard!" Forgetting that this is Honolulu, in my dreamy mood I think, if I do not hurry up, I shall lose the railroad train. Stay! That was only the bell of the Episcopal church, always making a clatter out of that little pyramid belfry, which I can see just above the trees yonder. Now, at last,

> "Night's candles are burned out, and jocund day
> Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain-tops;"

and I am thankful that the noises of the night have ceased; when the king's band — twenty natives — marches past my window, practicing on many clarinets, bugles, trombones, and a base-drum, which is never fatigued. The band plays with tremendous expression, "Put me in my little bed," — a duty which I have vainly tried to do all night.

By day, there is the baritone voice of

the Pacific surf, for ever coming in with the tides: it may be heard throughout the city, and in the valleys; its tones rising and falling as the wind and tide vary in force.

Birds are not often seen or heard in Honolulu. The white tropic bird, of which one species has white, and the other scarlet feathers in its tail, flies high above the city, going to the mountains to incubate; making a shrill cry, like a boatswain's whistle. The only singers are little birds called linnets, flocking into the algaroba and mango trees for shelter at sunset.

Flying cockroaches of extra size, scorpions, centipedes, large spiders, and mosquitoes, are among the harmless sights of Honolulu, which were introduced by the white people.

More agreeable sights than these are the private cottages, embowered in trees,

which make pleasing pictures of ease and comfort. Here is one that I admire, — a large square house, standing alone, built of gray coral blocks pointed with white cement, two stories high, surrounded on each story by a wide veranda, over which juts the peaked roof. No chimneys mar it. Its rooms are large and lofty. The doors and windows open upon the verandas, and command views of grass, flowers, and trees. Between the cottage and the street is a fountain of water surrounded by large-leaved tropical plants, sea-shells, and roses. A winding, tessellated pavement leads to it from the gate. Jets of water are showering the grass that surrounds it, out of which large rubber-trees rise higher than the roof; their thick leaves glistening like mirrors in the sun. A line of orange and banana trees hedges the yard. Aside, near the gate, is a miniature cottage, with peaked roof, porch, and

blinds. This is the doctor's office. He is an American, of course.

The doctor shows me a rare sight, — an Hawaiian mummy. In ancient times, the Hawaiians deposited their dead within lava-caves, in places almost inaccessible. There the bodies, placed in a sitting posture, — the limbs flexed, the hands supporting the knees, — were dried, and sometimes hardened into a mummy state. A few only have been found in this condition.

The sights in the shops of Honolulu are not brilliant. With saddles, bridles, and cordage, I am offered dress-goods, patent-medicines, cutlery, shovels, shoes, laces, and every thing else. A respectable wedding causes a dearth of trousseau items in the shops; making it impossible for more than two people to be made happy at once. The goods on sale come principally from England and Germany. The shop-keepers are all whites, except on Nuanu Street,

where every shop is held by a Chinaman, dealing in whatever will sell to his countrymen and to the natives. At evening, this is the brightest street in the city, when the illuminated shops and restaurants, with open doors, attract a cosmopolitan crowd of loungers.

In Merchant and Queen Streets, where business is done with ships, sugar-plantations, and foreign ports, there is no bustle nor confusion, but a deal of leisure and patient waiting for trade. When I enter, and find everybody nodding in arm-chairs, I am not expected to disturb the mercantile repose; but, knowing how it is myself on a warm day, I take a chair and do likewise. In time, the merchants awaken, look at each other with mild surprise, utter a stoical "Halloo!" have a long-drawn talk, and we all adjourn. This is

"A life that leads melodious days."

In the markets of Honolulu, the beef is lean; for the strength of native cattle runs into bones and horns. The chickens and turkeys are hard and stringy. Mutton is good: so is fish, of which the mullet is most abundant. Oranges, bananas, melons, mangoes, tomatoes, and coffee are delicious. The strawberries are acid. Most of the butter is imported; and cream is almost unknown.

The streets on holidays and Saturday afternoons are thronged by natives, dressed in gay calicoes, adorned with lais of flowers, and redolent of cocoanut-oil. They are civil and unoffending; on foot and on horseback. If there be an itinerant circus on the esplanade, they patronize it liberally, laughing at the tricks of the horses and at the jokes of the clown, as if they appreciated all.

The wharves are a credit to the city. They have a large water-front, are substan-

tial and capacious. There are traditions of a time when two hundred and fifty ships lay moored in this harbor, day after day. Those were the flush times of Honolulu, when it was a port of refuge and supply for the large fleet of whale-ships cruising in the Pacific Ocean. This fleet, now smaller, seeks other ports. In the spring, a part of it calls here, on its way to the Arctic Ocean, and in the autumn calls again, on its way to the southern seas. But the harbor will never be crowded with ships again.

The lighthouse of the port is only a mile distant from the wharves, standing on the inner edge of the reef, — a Fresnel light, twenty-six feet above the sea, visible from a deck nine miles away. There is no other lighthouse between this and the coast of New Zealand, in the south.

It is evening. Tarry with me here on this pier, facing the sea, and notice the

sounds and sights about us. There are no clouds in the sky. A gentle breeze, the sleepy remnant of the day's trade-wind, fans us pleasantly. Listen to the sea on the reef: it is crooning a lullaby to the night. Lights redden the cabin-windows of vessels moored near us; but their decks are silent. A company of natives, laughing, passes behind us in the gloom. We hear voices on the water, and discover the outline of a sail-boat rippling slowly across the harbor. In the dimness, we discern, at anchor, the missionary yacht "Morning Star," recently returned from a benevolent cruise among the South Sea Islands. Yonder lies an English frigate: her lanterns send faint rays toward us. We hear her boatswain's whistle, and her bugle-call; and her outlines grow more distinct, the longer we look at her.

The light of the harbor lighthouse throws its broad gleam across the harbor, into our

eyes. There is a fascination in looking at it; for it is a signal that the commercial civilization of the white people is established in Honolulu.

THE CLIMATE OF HONOLULU.

MANY of the strangers visiting Honolulu are invalids from the United States. To them the character of the climate is a subject of interest; for, while it is suitable to some, it has been found to be unsuitable to others. There is a class of invalids (of which I was one) — needing repose after they have begun to recover their health — to whom this climate is exactly adapted; but my own observations lead me to think that invalids afflicted with consumption, bronchitis, or any serious defect in the respiratory organs, should not go to Honolulu to stay. The reason for this is the trade-wind.

This wind is the most conspicuous feature in the climate. It blows over a cool ocean, ranging from a point more than a thousand miles north-east of the islands. It comes with a varying force and a steady regularity; having blown through a part of two hundred and ninety-eight days, yearly, during the last ten years. It commences between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, and generally subsides at night. It is cooler than the trade-wind of the West Indies, and always brings with it rain upon the highlands. It is sometimes so cool as to reduce the sensible temperature of the atmosphere much below the thermometrical temperature; then the invalid feels the necessity of wearing warm clothing while exposed to it, especially in the latter part of the day.

The trade-wind is connected with sudden meteorological changes, which are sometimes very troublesome to an invalid. For

example: on Thursday, April 4, 1872, the thermometer in Honolulu indicated a temperature of 70 degrees at sunrise, and 82 degrees at two o'clock in the afternoon, with a light trade-wind, and showers of rain. At sunset, the thermometer had fallen to 70 degrees. At eight o'clock, the trade-wind came in suddenly with an icy breath, which made me shut the windward doors; and the mercury sank to 58 degrees, remaining at that point until sunrise, on Friday morning the 5th, outside of the city, but standing at 62 degrees within the city. The morning wind on Friday was light, from the south. At ten o'clock, the trade-wind suddenly blew from the north-east, preceded by varying gusts and local whirls in the street. A very heavy dew fell at sunset; and in the evening the sky was illuminated by incessant sheet-lightning. A terrific thunder-storm followed, lasting until three o'clock on Saturday morning;

and, in those six hours, six inches of rain fell. This deluging storm, which hung directly over the city, made a sleepless night for every one in the hotel, and a night of terror to our horses in the stable, who expressed their alarm by pitiful cries at every crash of thunder. At eight o'clock on Saturday morning, the thermometer indicated 78 degrees in my veranda; while the wind was as soft from the south-east as if there had never been a storm.

But the general force of the trade-wind blowing upon Honolulu is temperate, and agreeable to every one. If its character were every day what it is many days of the year, it could do no harm to any invalid who is able to be out of doors. It is the rough and extreme exceptions in its character which surprise and worry the invalid. When this wind blows with such a boisterous fury that I can hardly open a door against it; that, when riding,

we find a lap-rug to be comfortable, and must fold down the top of the buggy, lest the wind, striking at a right angle, upset it (which I was often obliged to do when driving across the plains toward Punahou), — then, indeed, it is time for the invalid to think of returning to California.

At this equinoctial season the trade-wind was very severe. It commenced blowing fresh on the evening of the 16th of March, and blew a dry gale for nearly three weeks; after which, it subsided into the milder breezes of April, bringing to us those balmy days and sleepy nights which make the charm of the Honolulu climate.

During those windy weeks of the equinoctial, it was difficult to believe that we were within the tropics, — in a land of oranges, bananas, mangoes, guavas, and tamarinds. The wind rolled the dust in clouds through the city, and scoured bare the dry roads traversing the country, so

that locomotion, either on foot or on wheels, was very unsteady, except under a lee. All day and night it howled about that upper corner of the hotel where I was domiciled, rattling the blinds, shaking the doors, and moaning in the crevices, with a dismal tone which prevented sleep, and reminded me of the sounds of a December snow-storm on the coast of New England. If it is entirely shut out of the apartment, the invalid suffers from warmth; if it is admitted, it rushes in like a wild beast, sweeping through the apartment with a ferocity that exasperates the lungs, and increases the cough. The only place in which any repose is to be found, when the trade-wind is blowing in this manner, is on the lee-side of the house, near the ground.

During the eight months — commencing with October, and ending with May — which comprise the period within which

the California physicians send their bad patients to Honolulu, — to be returned, perchance, by the undertakers, — the lowest average range of the thermometer in the city is 70 degrees, and the highest is 82 degrees; while the extreme ranges are from 60 degrees to 87 degrees, noted at sunrise, and at two o'clock in the afternoon, near the sea level. In the summer months, the temperature is about five degrees higher.

The extreme ranges of the thermometer in each of the eight months are, generally, as follows : —

In October,	72 to 86	degrees,	average	75 to 84
" November,	66 to 86	"	"	73 to 84
" December,	70 to 85	"	"	72 to 82
" January,	60 to 85	"	"	66 to 82
" February,	62 to 82	"	"	68 to 80
" March,	65 to 84	"	"	70 to 82
" April,	62 to 84	"	"	70 to 82
" May,	70 to 87	"	"	74 to 84

In the valleys behind the town, the temperature is lower and also damper; especially on the rising lands of the Nuanu Valley, where showers of rain are frequent.

The annual rain-fall in the city is very irregular. In 1869, it was 40.62 inches. In 1870, it was 59.51 inches. In 1871, it was 40.09 inches. The porous lava soil absolves the rain-water quickly, leaving no pools standing in the streets. This granulated soil forms the main sewerage system of the city; and it works well, except when the wind blows from the south, at which time I am occasionally reminded of Coleridge's "two and seventy stenches" at Cologne.

During the days when the trade-wind is hushed, the winds of Honolulu are variable; but they often come from the south. With the south wind comes a heavy swell of the sea, and a great surf roaring on the harbor reefs. It is not an agreeable wind to the invalid, because it brings a languid,

inelastic atmosphere, which seems to be destitute of oxygen; causing a depressing feeling, relaxing the system, and dulling the appetite. One must go through a process of acclimation to become indifferent to the influences of these southerly winds.

But, after all, there are many splendid days in the climate of Honolulu, — mild, sunny, cheerful days, to be enjoyed by those who are in a good physical and mental condition. They are those days succeeding each other, —

"In which it seemed always afternoon," —

when the trade-wind blows gently, and the balmy air is what the long-suffering and discouraged invalid needs to cheer her

"Uneasy steps
Over the burning marl."

HONOLULUAN DAYS.

THERE is a charm about Honolulu, which it is difficult to describe. It lies in these delightful days. During weeks in succession, every day is like the other, — the same agreeable temperature, the same refreshing breeze, the same perpetual sunshine, the same evergreen verdure. They are days that leave no mark of the passage of time. They make an extra summer in our lives.

We occupy ourselves with lounging. We lounge in easy-chairs on the verandas, interested in a book, interested in the landscape before us, which stretches away in great variety up to the distant mountain-peaks. We lounge in the shops. We

lounge into a friend's cottage without ceremony. We lounge in our carriage, with a luncheon, far away into the green valleys, at noon, or over the plains and along the sea-beach, at the close of day. We lounge under the starlight, noting the ascent of Orion, and looking, every evening, for the higher rising of the Ursa Major above the northern mountains, reminding us that the time approaches when we must return to the north.

Every day, we ride into the country. I have already mentioned the ride west of the city, toward Halawa, and north toward the Pali. Two roads lead from the eastern end of the city, — one, branching to the right, ends on the sea-beach at Waikiki; the other, to the left, passes the school of Punahou, and climbs up into the Manoa Valley, where it is lost in the grass of fenceless fields. From these a rougher road pushes farther east, over barren hills, where

volcanic ruins are strewn in grotesque confusion, and reaches the ocean near Koko Head, some twelve miles from the city. All these roads command pleasing views of land and sea.

To the Manoa is an attractive ride. Here, hitching our horse, we can roam on foot through banana-orchards in search of fruit, and call at dairies for a drink of fresh milk. Coming out of the valley, the hills by the roadside are high, rounded like billows, and smooth with turf, whose green hue is varied by patches of blue and red volcanic gravel; while the landscape opens before us enchanting views of the plain below, and of the city and sea beyond it.

The favoite ride is to Waikiki. This is the name of a hamlet of plain cottages, stretching along the seashore, in the edge of a grove of cocoanut-palms, whither the white people of Honolulu go to revel in bathing-clothes, mosquitoes, and solitude,

at odd times of the year. It is not a gay watering-place. Its local excitements are caused by the activity of the insect tribes, and the occasional fall of a cocoanut. But to the wearied dweller in Honolulu, to whose year there comes no variety of seasons, fashions, or faces, Waikiki is "somewhere to go." Here he celebrates his birthday by a picnic with his friends. Here, when school does not keep, he brings his children for a romp and a bath, and a hunt for shells along the shore; and here he sometimes comes alone to enjoy nature and the natives.

It is a ride of three or four miles to Waikiki. Leaving the city on the eastern side, by King Street, we pass the great coral meeting-house, built by native labor so long ago, that it is now much too large for its uses. Near by is a neighborhood whose broad street, white houses, stone walls, swinging gates, and old shade trees, remind

me of a New-England village. These large, arching algarobas are sufficiently suggestive of elms to complete the delusion. Here was the first missionary settlement in Honolulu: hence its pleasant New-England complexion.

Now we enter upon a hard, level road, where we can try the speed of our horse. On the right we pass the handsomest tree on the island, — a huge mamani, or tamani tree, called, also, the umbrella-tree, a native of Tahiti, extending its shade over half an acre. At this season its large, isolated leaves are both scarlet and green. Beyond, over a grassy flat, we see the ocean, and an American whale-ship, her maintopsail aback, waiting for a pilot. On the left are pleasant cottages, and the plains of Kulaokahua, from which rise the volcanic hills and mountains, in whose variety of form and color we always find something to admire.

After a brisk trot of ten minutes, we turn to the right, direct for the shore, and, wheeling around the corner, encounter a native woman astraddle of a strong-minded pony, not disposed to go her way. Out of her gibberish we catch the word, *pilikia*, which tells us that she is in "a peck of troubles." We can give her only our sympathy, and the pony a cut of our whip, which starts him spinning toward Honolulu.

Hereabout is a neighborhood of white cottages, within white fences, inhabited by white people, pleasantly shaded by trees. The crimson flowers of the China hibiscus, the reddening leaves of the mango, and the brown loments of the tamarind, make attractive contrasts to the green foliage. The road, now crossing a stretch of level fields, is occupied by pigs of every color, except white, apparently going, like ourselves, to Waikiki. They swing their

straight tasseled tails with so much energy as to worry our horse, who never saw such pigs at his own home in California. Fit companions to them are their owners, — natives, on whose civilization the era of trowsers has not yet dawned. After the pigs we come to the king's poi-factory, where poi is ground out by the quantity, for the subjects of his majesty to lick from their fingers as they squat around musty calabashes at their social dinner-parties.

Near by, under the cocoanut-trees, is the king's brown cottage. The royal standard is flying from a flag-staff on the lawn, reflecting its red, white, and blue stripes in the large silvered globe, emblematic of dominion, perched on a tripod below it. In the veranda sits his majesty, alone; while a little way off, before him, a dozen native women, chattering, in calico gowns, lie on their bellies in waiting.

What strange things these cocoanut-trees

are! casting their shadows far away, never showing any signs of growth, always standing in silence, — the same long, crooked, wrinkled, cylindrical stems, crowned with plumy tufts. They lean and curve, and point upward from every direction. When riding toward them at sunset, the gray trunks invisible in the dimness, their plumy tops have appeared to me as clouds in the evening sky. Under these trees are a few grass huts and wooden shanties, occupied by natives; and under them, also, straggles the line of unpainted cottages, which is Waikiki.

The architecture of these cottages is of the sudden, spasmodic style, indicating daily diversities of mind in the same individual. They stand so near to the shore, that the front-door is necessarily on the back-side, which our carriage must approach by a wandering by-road. From the southern verandas extends a long,

broad porch, made of reeds woven upon a frame, which shuts out the glare thrown up by the sun from the sea; but it can not shut out the mosquitoes that come with the gloaming, whose visits are the sharpest ills of life.

Here is indolence all around us. It is exemplified by those native men and women, lounging in scanty raiments on the grass, playing cards, and talking idle tattle, all day long. What specimens of human grossness and laziness! Even a silver coin is slow to induce a native boy to climb a cocoanut-tree, and throw down some nuts for us.

The sand on this shore is lava, coral, and shells, pulverized by the sea, and bleached by the sun. Wild vines, bearing flowers, are running over it as if it were a garden soil. A mile away, on our left, where the shore curves toward the south, rise the sterile sides of Diamond Head, —

the stump of an ancient volcano, whose southern slope is seven hundred feet high where it juts into the sea. Yonder, in front of us, is a coral reef, against which the ocean is always breaking with a moan, as if it were weary of its long endeavor to destroy the barrier. Naked natives are searching in the water for shell-fish to eat; and others are paddling swift canoes, balanced by outriggers, through the surf. A company of men and women are wading toward the land, dragging a sweep of palm-leaves, in which they expect to strand a skip-jack or a mullet.

The swell which rolls over the reef comes up gently to the edge of the shore where we are standing, —

> "Kissing the sands, and whispering at our feet,
> With exquisite advancement and retreat."

A bath in this summer sea is delightful. The water is very buoyant, clear, and

pleasantly warm; its temperature being about seventy degrees. Once in, I am reluctant to leave it. But can we not come again to-morrow?

The scenery about Honolulu presents charming pictures to a stranger every day. It is a scenery that will bear favorable comparison with any summer scenery in other lands. Lounging in our verandas, and gazing at the panorama, we find new attractions in it daily. The great feature of the scenery is the mountain-range running through the length of the island, behind the city. These mountains, throwing out spurs toward the sea, divide the lowlands into valleys, which are not depressions between summits, but are, rather, amphitheaters, rising away from the plains, where the scenery shifts daily from showers to rainbows, and then to long cascades falling down the wooded cliffs.

From our northern verandas we can dis-

tinguish four of these green amphitheaters, whose names are Ka-li-hi, Nu-a-nu, Pow-o-a, Ma-no-a. Some of them are dotted with white cottages. Some of them are spanned by rainbows; for, the higher they rise into the mountains, the more frequently are they baptized with showers.

In the season of the trade-wind, the peaks, rising far above the valleys, are softened by tender gray mists, which screen the splendor of the sun as it falls upon the slopes colored by ferns and grasses, and by forests of bright green kukui-trees and dark green koa-trees, and by ridges of black lava and patches of red soil. Here, day after day, —

"There is wide wandering for the greediest eye
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending;
Or by the bowery clefts and leafy shelves
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves."

It is near the time of sunset. Let us go up into the observatory of the hotel, and take a last look at the surrounding scenery. Below us, the town is concealed from view by the embowering trees. Behind us rise the mountains; before us stretches the sea, streaked with purple and gray in the changing light. We can discern the sweep of the coast from Diamond Head in the east, to Laeloa point in the west, where the misty outline of that mountain spur is blending with the sky beyond it. Clouds lie on the far-off horizon, shaping themselves into quaint forms, and growing darker as the daylight begins to fade away. There is no prolonged twilight. There is a lingering flush in the sky; but day disappears almost as suddenly as in the description of the "Ancient Mariner:" —

> "The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
> At one stride comes the dark."

The light is burning in the lighthouse; the masts of the ships have disappeared in the darkness; the trade-wind has subsided to a zephyr. The stillness of sleep pervades the city; and the crooning voice of the surf bids us "Good-night!"

Our days in Honolulu are ended.

The bark "Murray" has hoisted her flags, and is waiting for us, ready to sail for San Francisco.

We have said adieu to our friends, and are now on her deck. The bow-lines are cast off; her head swings around until it points to the sea; and she is held to the shore by a line from her stern, while her topsails, topgallant sails, and royals are hoisted.

"Let go that line!" shouts Captain Shephard.

"All gone, sir!"

It was the last line that held us to Honolulu.

The trade-wind fills the sails; the bark glides rapidly across the harbor, past the lighthouse, into the open sea. The beautiful panorama of Honolulu fades in our eyes. I shall see it no more.

"No more, no more!
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar.
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise."